NUARY 31 — FEB. 6, 1981

RS. 2

EVE'S WEEKLY

MISS INDIA, U.S.A.

DOES THE L.I.C. CRIMINATE AGAINST

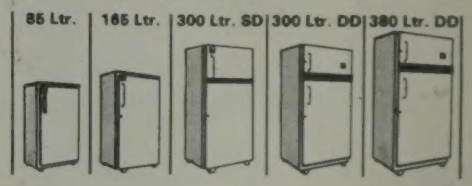
THE WOMEN OF PAKISTAN

Only an Allwyn is good enough for me. Know why?

My Allwyn gives me all the ice I need, fast. Because its Roll Bond Freezer has a cooling circuit built into the freezer wall. For direct contact and faster cooling.

My Allwyn has a modern high impact polystyrene liner that doesn't chip or rust. Two full size tilting bottle racks. A useful tabletop that came free. Automatic defrost, with a self draining system. And a super compressor that does its job quietly and uses less power.

I've always said — only an Allwyn is good enough for me.



ALLWYN

The Hyderabad Allwyn Metal Works Ltd.;
Sanatnagar, Hyderabad-500 018.

Allwyn. There's no other fridge quite like it.

Offices at: Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Ahmedabad, Bangalore, Bhubaneswar, Ernakulam, Gauhati, Ghaziabad, Goa, Hyderabad, Jabalpur, Jullunder, Kanpur, Karnal, Patna, Vijayawada.

Sista's-HA/65A/80

Babies are born gentle. JOHNSON'S* keeps them that way.

OBM/7190 R

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
Velvety-white JOHNSON'S comforts sunburned shoulders, softens dry skin. Rich in lanolin, not greasy, won't stain clothes.

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
Wind, weather, runny colds and even tears are hard on baby skin. Gentle JOHNSON'S soaks in quickly and soothes away chapping or soreness.

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
If it will be a while between changes, JOHNSON'S acts as a moisture barrier. Keeps baby dry, but doesn't clog pores.

Why JOHNSON'S baby cream works best here
When crawler's knees and elbows get scraped and start peeling, fast-working JOHNSON'S smooths roughness, keeps skin silky soft.

FREE BABY GROWTH CHART
Write to Consumer Information Centre, Johnson & Johnson Ltd., 30 Forjett Street, Bombay 400 036 for a free copy of our Baby Growth Chart.

Trademark © J&J 80

Johnson's* baby cream

trusted by mothers all over the world

Johnson & Johnson*

Now that you're a young girl you need the protection only CAREFREE* can give

CAREFREE is made with you in mind. It is the modern woman's answer to sanitary protection on those 5 days.

CAREFREE is a specially absorbent napkin that does away with the extra bulk you might otherwise have to wear. In fact, CAREFREE is so absorbent, a single napkin can retain up to half your total period's flow. But do change as often as you like for a fresher feeling.

And only CAREFREE has a plastic shield around the bottom and sides, to act as a three-way barrier against staining.

With CAREFREE you feel so comfortable, you forget what day of the month it is. No soak-through, no troublesome washing and drying.

CAREFREE is ready to use, so easy to change, so simple to dispose of. So hygienic.

Wear CAREFREE and be confident at all times.

Available in packs of 10 and 20 napkins.

* Brand of Sanitary Napkins. CAREFREE and JOHNSON & JOHNSON are trademarks of Johnson & Johnson U.S.A. © J & J 78

Johnson & Johnson

Cover:
SURITA MANSUKHANI,
Miss India-U.S.A.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

VOL. XXXV NO. 5 BOMBAY
JAN. 31 — FEB. 6, 1981

CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR
J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER & CHIEF EXECUTIVE
J. C. JAIN

EDITOR
GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

CHIEF SUB-EDITOR
K. S. RAO

SUB-EDITORS
CHAKRESH JAIN
ROSHAN BILLIMORIA
MALA VAISHNAV
SHERNA GANDHY

ADVT. MANAGER
D. N. CHOPRA

ART DIRECTOR
RUSI DORABJEE

DESIGNERS
NARGIS CHAWLA
VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS : EVE'S WEEKLY LTD.

BY J. C. JAIN

AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland: Rs. 105
Foreign: 185 (Sea Mail)

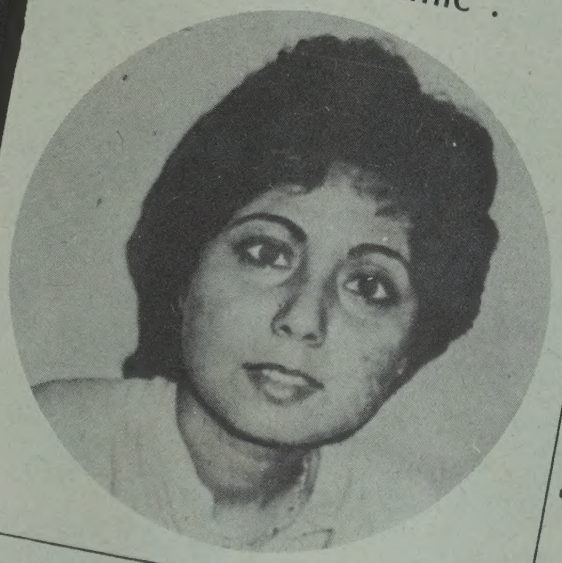
Eve's Weekly

THE L.I.C. AND WOMEN

12 The Corporation has lately been under fire for its allegedly unsympathetic attitude towards policy holders, especially women.

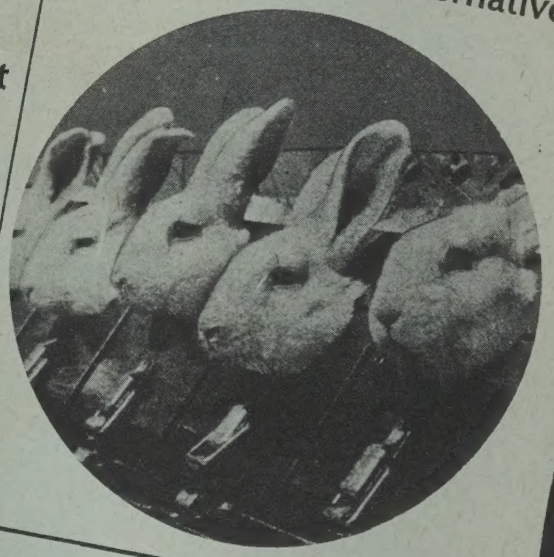
THE WOMEN OF PAKISTAN

26 Intelligent, articulate. But suppressed. How long will they take it lying down? Already, voices have started murmuring that ill-treatment of women is "un-Islamic".



THE PAIN BEHIND THE PAINT

36 Man's superior knowledge is being used to torture and slaughter helpless, innocent animals not only for food, but to satisfy his vanity. Beauty Without Cruelty looks for humane alternatives.



SUPER SENSATIONAL

20 Bo Derek brought back braids into fashion. We adapt them for formal occasions.

ALSO

Images of women — **page 11.** Women and sports — **page 35.** Films: Madhu Kapoor — **page 17.** Focus: Sunanda Narayan — **page 23.** Profile: Surita Mansukhani, Miss India-U.S.A. — **page 42.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your page/**7,** Readers' Voice/**9,** Short Story/**18,** Fashion/**24,** Cookery/**29,** People known & Unknown/**15,** Frankly Speaking/**38,** Serial/**39,** Life's A Funny Thing/**43,** People & Events/**44,** Horoscope/**46.**

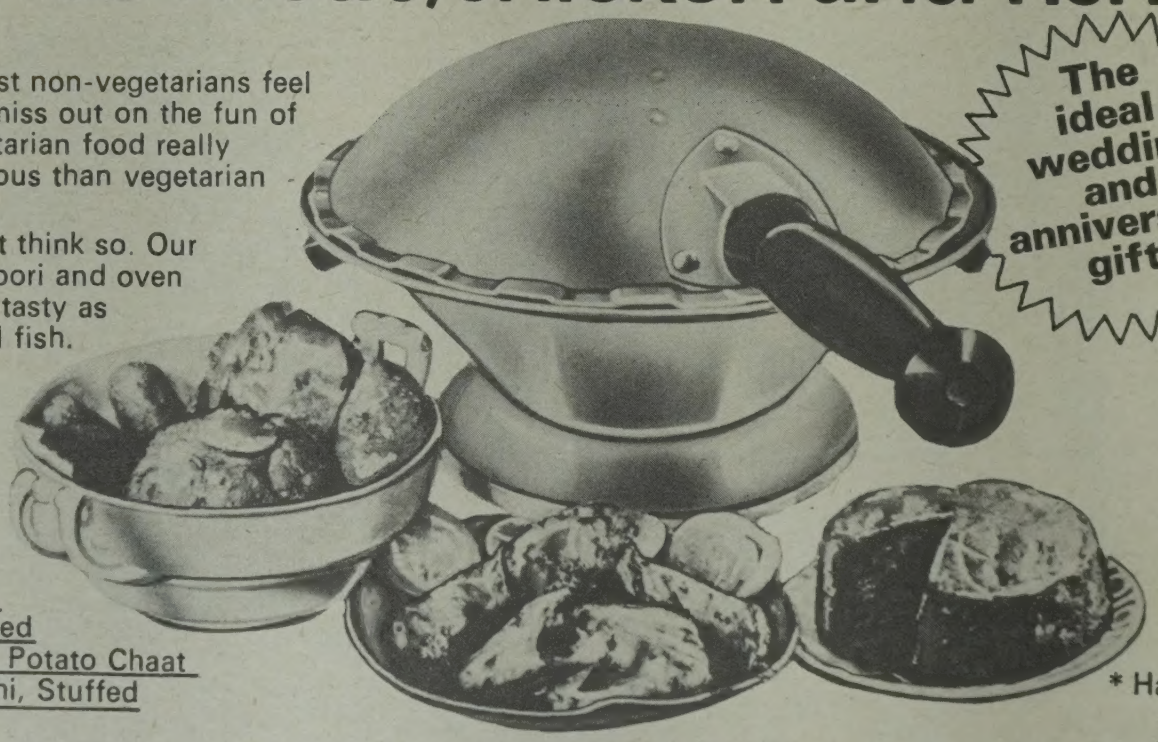
Is it true that non-vegetarians have more fun?

Supercook Gas Tandoor makes vegetables as exciting as meat, chicken and fish.

Why is it that most non-vegetarians feel that vegetarians miss out on the fun of life? Is non-vegetarian food really much more delicious than vegetarian meals?

We honestly don't think so. Our Supercook's tandoori and oven vegetables are as tasty as meat, chicken and fish.

In fact, any tandoori dish made in a Supercook sizzles with excitement, smoulders with taste. Supercook turns out Stuffed Vegetables, Roasted Paneer, Dal Batti, Potato Chaat Roti, Masala Gobhi, Stuffed Potatoes, Stuffed Tomatoes. And many more tandoori and oven dishes...



The ideal wedding and anniversary gift.

Here are some of Supercook's other advantages:

* Acts as a tandoor oven and toaster.
* Comes with a Free pair of skewers.
* Has a rust proof stainless steel wire-mesh (jaali)

Please ask your dealer for a FREE Supercook recipe booklet when you buy our tandoor.

SupercooK
GAS TANDOOR

Manufactured by:

Gas and Chemicals Industries (P.) Ltd.
(A Batra Group Enterprise)
14/1, Mathura Road, Faridabad-123001.

Impressions/GSP/209

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here.
We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10
for the three best letters.

THE CRUELTY

2nd PRIZE

Recently, when I had just got back home from work, I heard some kind of commotion going on outside. Going to the window I saw a most pathetic sight. A little puppy, frightened out of its wits, was being chased and mercilessly stoned by a group of boys from the nearby slum. Anguished, I rushed out and screamed at the boys. They stared in astonishment for a moment, then turned round and asked me rudely if it was my dog. When I replied in the negative, they enquired how their sport bothered me. I tried desperately to explain that causing pain to a dumb animal was a terrible thing to do. In all this hubbub, the puppy managed to get away but his unfeeling tormentors just were not able to understand what I was trying to tell them.

Cruelty to animals is a way of life to some people. They think nothing of locking up an innocent dog for days without food or water. Skinny, starving cattle made to pull heavy cartloads are a common sight on the roads. Foaming at the mouths, sometimes limping, I watch in horror and wonder how many more agonising miles they have to go. Because these poor creatures are unable to fight back in any way, they are subjected to untold torture. Isn't there anything that could be done to alleviate their misery? We live in an age where men are either crassly indifferent or downright brutal towards their fellow men. Is it, therefore, surprising that these helpless animals are not even in the reckoning for care and consideration?

SUDHA MENON, Madras

This is like beating the head against a wall. On the one hand we have the 'nouveau riche' paying enormous sums to become owners of 'pet' dogs or pedigree horses; and on the other hand we have people who will giggle indulgently when their children kick a puppy. Between these two there is nothing — and all this talk of us being animal lovers is just so much nonsense. . .

THE ABSURDITY

1st PRIZE

There is an increase in the cases of harassment of women. The newspapers and magazines are full of tales of misery and unhappiness, be it the dowry issue, bigamy or even murders like bride burning etc. I feel that all these social evils stem from only one thing — the out-dated system of arranged marriages. What can be expected from such marriages except misery where the monetary angle dominates and not the likes and dislikes of the couple? A calculated, cold-blooded arrangement is made from both the sides. When such a marriage system was followed in other countries, courtship or a 'trial time' was also in vogue. The couple knew each other well before taking the final step. In our country such a thing is frowned upon and not considered important. In fact, an ideal Indian girl is not supposed to show any preference before marriage. It is only the man's prerogative.

The most absurd part of these arranged marriages is that the girl is expected to switch on such sublime emotions as love, affection and regard in a single day, as soon as the ceremony is over. Not only this, she is made to share all the intimacies of life with a complete stranger and is expected to exult in it, too! It is imperative we stop this exploitation of a woman's body and soul.

CHITRA SINHA, Calcutta

We agree whole-heartedly. We realise that love marriages are not necessarily all successful or ideal. But it is really absurd to expect a young, yet grown, girl to give her body to someone she doesn't know at all. It is all very well to say that love will follow after and, maybe, it worked in the old days when woman was not supposed to think for herself or argue or revolt — but now?

THE CALLOUSNESS

3rd PRIZE

Seeing my children growing up is giving me growing pains! One wonders how suddenly these very same children grow up and become adults and have children of their own. My son must think that we, as adults and parents, are too harsh. Everything he does is inevitably curtailed with a 'no' from us. My daughter must think us brutal when we put an end to every proposed outing with her friend with the cryptic remark: "it is not safe for girls"

I am sure if we think back, we can recollect similar denials and curtailments from our own parents. Can anyone ever really forget them? Then, why does one forget one's own childhood so fast and become a stern parent? My son was proudly sitting on our neighbour's motorbike imagining himself to be a dashing figure in chase of a thief. Enter my husband, rudely asking him to get down and giving him a sermon about the money it will cost him if he does some mischief to the (immobile) bike. My daughter, all dressed up in a pretty frock, asks my permission to visit her friend two buildings away to show off her finery. Then, why do I suddenly kick up a fuss saying 'not after it has become dark'. I go off at a tangent and give a lecture about how Bombay is not safe after dark. When has it ever been safe anyway?

The cycle goes on. Parents with full awareness of all this forget the charm, become kids and adults at the same time one merging into the other. What harm can a boy do to a stationary bike? Parents would like to be understanding and undemanding but cannot, and give up the struggle. Is there any hope at all for these growing pains?

KASTURI NAGARAJAN, Bombay

You feel parents are harsh on children. Yes, maybe most are. But even the harshest mainly act out of concern and fear. There is very little discipline left in this country, so it is far better to exercise discipline with the children and be termed 'harsh' rather than let them get away with the impression that they can do as they please. Nothing may happen to the motorbike, but the very fact that the child is astride someone's property, without permission, is an act of indiscipline. You are over-protective of your daughter, and rightly so. The streets do not seem to be safe these days, even in daytime. We have to protect the physically weak until the physically strong can be controlled.

THE VIOLENCE

First it happened in Dharmapuri, Tamilnadu, and then spread to Salem and other places. Innocent, lunatic, beggar women were beaten up and then burnt to death by a mob on the mere assumption that they were child lifters. Once the fear catches on it spreads like fire and the police, in spite of their warnings, are not able to prevent this heinous crime. In most cases the women are bewildered, and unable to answer the questions of the mob, fall victims to their fury. What right has a human being to take away the life of another? If anything goes wrong the public can hand over the concerned individuals to the police instead of taking the law into their own hands. If service organisations could educate the public in this regard, through their forums, such crimes can be prevented.

PREMA RAGHAVAN, Salem

The fury of the mob is an awful thing. Sometimes the mob is rightly incensed and wants to take the law into its own hands (this is almost happening now as the reports of the capture of the Yorkshire Ripper appear in the papers). However, too often, "the mob" is a contrived and goaded entity, egged on by the machinations of those who have higher prizes at stake.

PROBLEM NAILS?

Are they soft/chipped/ split/peeling/ stunted?

Now available in a unique pack at no extra cost.

You need

Calcium-Sandoz®

Tablets

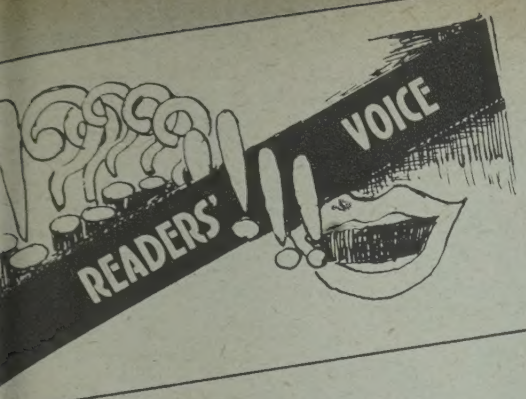
Try it. See the difference.

You only need to chew four delicious, vanilla-flavoured Calcium-Sandoz tablets every day for at least fifteen days. Your nails will become strong and beautiful. Scientific studies have proved so. Take Calcium- Sandoz—the best calcium in the world developed by Sandoz in Switzerland. Ask for Calcium- Sandoz only and do not settle for substitutes.

If the problem reappears, repeat the course.

SANDOZ

daCunha-S-22



Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us.

EXPLOITED BRA

Apropos of your beauty page "On Choosing A Bra" (Dec. 6), by Meher Castelino, the article was worth reading and contained useful tips for every woman. But the bra is being exploited as a sex symbol. There are any number of movies (Hindi) where the bra's role is very suggestive, even vulgar. In India the bra is equated with sex.

NEERUPTI, New Delhi.

CASTE POLLUTION!

The last item about a Harijan not being allowed into a temple after he donated the idol in "People Known And Unknown" (Dec. 6) reminded me of a modern poem by Tamil poet K.S. Balaraman under the title 'Pollution'. It reads:

On the threshold
Of a temple
I sought shelter
from the summer shower.
The priest said:
"Get away
damn feller,
You've polluted it."
My grandpa
it was
who dug
the foundations
for its
inner sanctum.

M. S. RAMASWAMI, Trivandrum.

PALMING OFF THE GIRL

After reading the touching article "Noisome Divorce Case" (Dec. 6, 1980) I wonder whether the poor woman's husband is the only person to be blamed for her misery! Instead of palming her off to a stranger without revealing her disease, it would have been better on her parents' part to have given her enough education to let her earn her livelihood. After all, in this age where even the blind, deaf and dumb people are taught to live independently, for a woman, marriage is not the only way out. Later perhaps a man would have come her way and married her with the full knowledge of her disease. This way she could have been spared the humiliation of a divorce case.

NALLU GANAPATHY, Bangalore.

BIGAMY AND MALE CHAUVINISM

Regarding the various articles about bigamy (Dec. 13) it is a clear indication that male chauvinism is rampant even in the field of matrimony. In the final analysis, the only thing which can keep a husband and wife together is love. When love has gone, nothing is left.

As a woman, I feel there is no meaning in a loveless marriage. In this situation, the wife remains unaffected emotionally, even if her husband marries several times. However, there is a change on the economic front when a husband remarries. Here, the first wife's situation is not enviable. So there should be a careful attempt to determine whether the man's conversion to Islam is out of religious conviction, or solely for the purpose of remarriage. Otherwise the ends of justice may not be served.

MADHUBALA KRISHNA, Secunderabad.

ISSUE OF FEB. 7, 1981

SATI AND DOWRY DEATH MURDER OR SUICIDE?

In spite of women's organisations crying their throats hoarse, sati has again been revived, with women dressed up as brides taking out a procession in Delhi to worship Rani Sati, a virgin who immolated herself. Never mind if the police did nothing to stop the procession, but why did educated, middle-class men and women shower rose petals from the rooftops on the processionists? Have women developed a lemminglike attitude towards life? A series of articles to anger, provoke, depress and militate.

A TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF SAURASHTRA.

Mrinalini Sarabhai stages a ballet to commemorate the murders of these young girls by their in-laws, which have been passed off as suicides.

WHY CAN'T ACTRESSES FIND THE RIGHT PARTNERS?

Plus all our regular features.

When it's a special time in your life...

Come to one of the 300 best hotels in the world.

Honeymoon Package 7 days all inclusive Rs 3049/3319 per couple

There is a special moment in time. For special people. In a special place.

A sun-kissed beach paradise. The Kovalam Ashok Beach Resort. Elegant rooms with private balconies, Admiral Bar for high spirits, the Shells restaurant for gourmet Indian and continental delicacies and a mouth-watering gala spread of fresh sea food.

There's so much you can do together. Golf, tennis, surfing, water skiing, swimming. And, for a very different experience, there's yoga and rejuvenating Ayurvedic herbal oil massages.

Our honeymoon package is, 6 nights in a double room, free transfer from Trivandrum Airport/Railhead, food, one-day excursions to Kanya Kumari and Padmanabhapuram, boat rides and a museum visit. A little extra gets you Periyar Wildlife Sanctuary.

When it's a special time in your life, come to Kovalam. There's so much waiting for you.

Kovalam Ashok Beach Resort Kerala

For more, contact :
ITDC Marketing Division
Jeevan Vihar
3 Parliament Street
New Delhi-110 001 or
Tel 344905, 345436

Ashok Reservation Service		
Delhi	Tel 350070	Telex 031-2468 Cables CENTRES
Bombay	Tel 233343 232722	Telex 011-4171 Cables TOURISM
Madras	Tel 88520	Telex 041-7262 Cables TOURISM
Calcutta	Tel 440901 440922	Telex 021-2307 Cables TOURISM

The Ashok Group India's largest hotel chain.

India Tourism Development Corporation

ACIL/XOV 4/80A

Baidyanath CHYAWANPRASH

Enlivens your mind and body

- Rich in natural Vitamin C
- Prevents cold and cough
- Effective in Calcium deciency and anaemia
- Protects against stress and strain
- Restores youthful vitality
- Gives strength and stamina
- Helpful in constipation, acidity and indigestion
- Easily assimilated by digestive system because of herbal ingredients

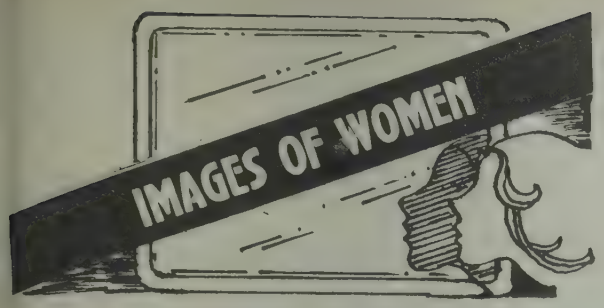
Baidyanath manufactures over 700 Ayurvedic medicines in 5 well-equipped modern factories, and exports.

Baidyanath Ayurvedic medicines, distributed through 800 Sales Centres and 60,000 Dealers are available at every corner of India and abroad.

SHREE ***Baidyanath*** AYURVED BHAWAN LIMITED
Calcutta • Patna • Jhansi • Nagpur • Allahabad

An Ayurvedic tonic for the family

naa '80



The influence of cinema on social behaviour is undeniable.
The images of women perpetuated in films therefore give cause for grave concern.
A periodical look at the portrayal of women in Indian cinema.

A REVERSAL OF ROLES

Shoba Sadagopan

With packed audiences and "housefull" notices, "Patita", a film without major stars, is doing extremely well. A Hindi version of the Malayalam hit "Her nights", "Patita" leads one to expect the usual crude titillating story of the fallen woman. Instead, one has a very muddled film, not only in its story but also in the values upheld. But what appears baffling to the Hindi cine-goer apparently has its basis in the ethos of a particular trend in Malayalam cinema (a kind of soft-porn), where the heroine is usually a whore and the focus is on the drama of her life.

We have of course seen the courtesan theme in Hindi cinema — the various "Anarkali" films for instance. But most of these tend to romanticise and glamourise the courtesan-figure. It is only with "Chetana" that an attempt was made to present the whore as an ordinary human being with real problems. But even here, a tragic end was inevitable, as if this were the inevitable fate of the fallen woman.

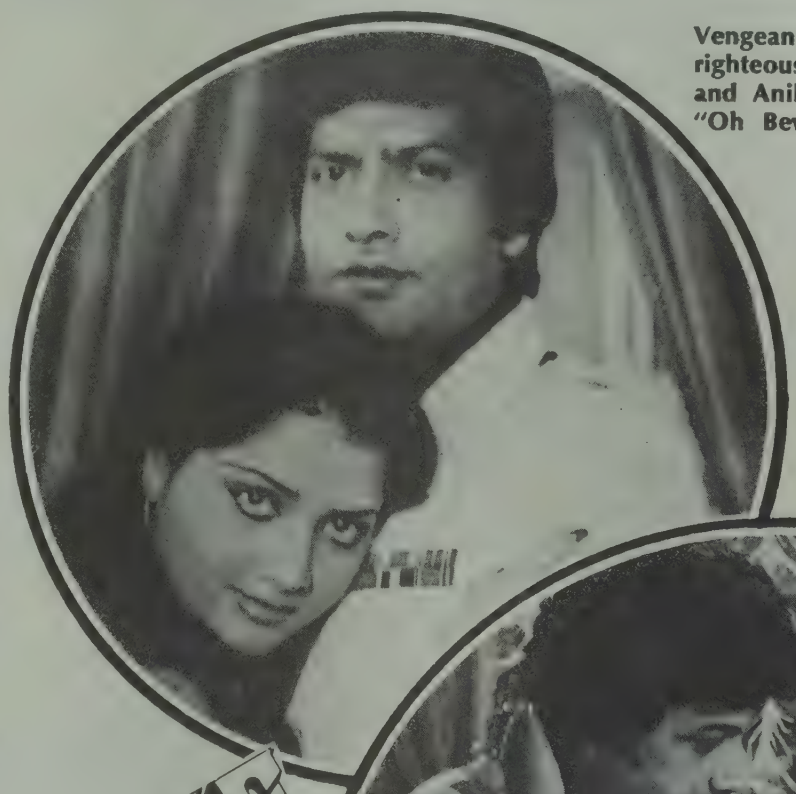
"Patita" is a little unusual in that the conventional happy fate reserved for the Sati Savitri type is conferred on the heroine. Moreover, there is no romance about it. The heroine hankers for romance like everyone else, but she only gets kicked around. What comes across is the utter sordidity of the world she lives in. If one were to ignore the tedium and the aesthetic crudity of the film, one could even say that this is a "realistic" film, i.e. the emphasis is less on the story than on the day to day events which constitute the patita's life.

The heroine, Rajni (Shoma Anand), is forced by circumstances to become a whore. Her parents were swept away in a flood when she was a child, leaving her to look after her younger brother. She does not recall how or when she became a prostitute. But this is only a flashback. Most of the film is an account of her relationship with the men in her life — a rickshaw driver, also presumably her pimp and protector: her favourite or "regular" client, a rich playboy (Mithun Chakravarthy); his friend whom she accidentally meets in an improbable rainy night encounter with the door shut between them. He is the "good" man from another world, with whom she falls in love, but who is engaged to a childhood sweetheart. However, he offers his shoulder to cry on, and his bathroom to change in; a schoolmaster who falsely accuses her brother of theft, and is indirectly responsible for his death through police brutality. Overcome by remorse, he asks her to marry him, but she refuses. Then her playboy friend dies of TB, and the hero discloses his engagement, and she finds herself quite alone and decides to join the schoolmaster. But she literally misses the train.

Alone again, she casts herself before the next train, but is saved by the hero, Raj Kiran, whose fiancee has proved unworthy of him — having encountered Rajni in his bedroom (she had come there to change into a sari before going to the station) she breaks off the engagement, refusing to understand the "special" relationship between the two. He decides that among the so called "oonche log" there is baseness, and among the "neeche log" there is true worth, and makes it just in time. Of course, it is his mother who makes the proposal, to reassure the audience of the legitimacy of such a marriage.

One may have doubts about the intentions of the film makers, and the implications in having marriage as a solution to a prostitute's problems. But if one overlooks all this, one can discern something "progressive" in this film: the moral seems to be that there is goodness everywhere in the world, if you know how to look for it, and it is not always in the respectable, "good" world. In fact, the fiancee, in her brief appearance, turns out to be the shrew, while the "patita" throughout has a heart of gold. Fundamentally, the good woman bad woman syndrome is not transcended: "Main patita hoon, main tho giri hooyee hoon, lekhin doosron ko barbad nahin karna," she pleads with the fiancee), but the roles are reversed and that makes a change.

Continued on page 46



Vengeance is for the righteous: Yogeeta Bali and Anil Dhawan in "Oh Bewafaa".

Hankering for romance but only getting kicked around. Raj Kiran and Shoma Anand in "Patita".

The L.I.C's symbol of the earthen lighted lamp protected by two palms carries the message of protecting the flame of life. Its motto, "Yogakshema Vahamyaham" — a part of a verse from the Gita — means, "I look after the maintenance and welfare of daily life." Does the L.I.C. then spell social security for the large masses of India?

The Consumer Education and Research Centre, Ahmedabad, reports that it is not so.
The findings of the Centre are supported by the National Council of Applied Economic Research in its recently published book, "Attitudes Towards Life Insurance Cover."

The findings are:

The L.I.C. does not offer any policy to cover risk at low premium. Its premium rates are high and therefore its policies are not within the reach of low-income groups.

Premium rates are based on (i) mortality rate tables, (ii) interest rate and (iii) expenses, but the L.I.C. uses the old mortality rate table of 1955.

Interest earned by the L.I.C. is more than double that assumed: while the rate assumed is only 3 per cent it actually earns 7.58 per cent. L.I.C. expenses are high, much higher than those of well managed private companies before nationalization.

The L.I.C. serves only the urban rich and has done very poor business in rural areas.

In the L.I.C's dealing with women, prejudice is writ large.

The L.I.C.: caretaker or exploiter?

Ila Pathak

THE TRUE PICTURE

Inquiries into the working of the L.I.C. revealed that its overriding consideration is to play safe.

If a claim arises within two years of the policy being issued, the tendency is to make unending inquiries. And if a claim is passed by one office, and then if another, from which the deceased has taken a second policy, makes difficulties, the officer passing the first claim fears that action may be taken against him. Letters from policy holders are replied to in a routine manner which fails to satisfy and leaves the policy holders or their bereaved families unhappy. Has the L.I.C. ever checked on how its agents, who are its links with the public work, what glib promises they make to earn some commission? Nor does it bother to institute periodical inquiries into the working of its development officers, even its medical examiners. The courts have on several occasions told the L.I.C. to do this before repecting a death claim.

WOMEN AND THE L.I.C.

What happens when a woman wants to buy life insurance?

"The Manual for Agents", published by the L.I.C. and circulated as confidential (though lakhs of copies in English and other regional languages are in circulation), in the section concerning the lives of women, lays down, "The approach to canvassing ladies for insurance should be governed by caution." The reasons advanced are that in the case of the overwhelming majority of women in this country, insurance on their own lives cannot have much utility. Single women who earn their own living have often no dependents to provide for and their main insurance need is to provide for their own old age.

The L.I.C. has made certain assumptions and considers these to be inviolable. According to the L.I.C., the main purpose of life insurance is replacement of earning power, hence the assumptions. But then, how are these assumptions and definitions carried out in practice? Have there been any changes in these assumptions over the years?

For practical purposes the L.I.C. rates female lives in three categories: Category number one is of women with earned income. These women are considered on par with men for certain plans. The second category is of women with unearned incomes who pay income-tax, or with sizeable personal properties likely to attract estate duty. These women are usually the wives of rich men who want to save on income and other taxes. The men concerned assure the L.I.C. agent that they are bound to pay the premium regularly to secure tax exemption.

The L.I.C. appears to join hands with such men, rather the L.I.C. counts on such offers. This becomes obvious when we read the proviso attached to the description of the second category. In it women are allowed a maximum insurance equal to five times their own average assessed income for the past three years but not exceeding the insurance cover on the husband's life or Rs. 5 lakhs, whichever is lower. So, even though a woman's life is insured, much depends upon her husband's will and his finances.

The third category comprises those women not covered by the two above. Single women under this category can be insured after considering whether the father and other male family members are sufficiently insured and that too to the maximum of Rs. one lakh only. It is obvious once again that the woman's life is insured by her rich father or brother for tax evasion and has no bearing on the woman's individual needs. There is one more proviso about married women. It says married women will not be insured for an amount exceeding 3/4 of the husband's insurance in force with a maximum of Rs. two and a half lakhs.

TOO CAUTIOUS

Why does the L.I.C. enforce such precautions?

It is claimed that these discriminations against women are in the interest of women themselves! It is said that immediately after the Corporation was formed in 1956, women's lives were insured on par with men's. Then the L.I.C. conducted a survey through its officers and found that female mortality rate was higher and so males were treated unjustly. So they brought about different criteria for insuring women. The L.I.C. also claims that during these years many wives and daughters-in-law were burned or were reported to have committed suicide because the husbands or in-laws were eager to get hold of the insurance money. But statistics concerning this are not available. The Chairman, Mr. Matthan, could not supply them.

On the face of it this appears to be quite logical. But then do male customers really suffer because the mortality rate of females is higher? Were wives and daughters-in-law killed in larger numbers those days? And are they safer now? The L.I.C would have us believe that all men are murderers, and insure their wives and daughters-in-law to kill them and pocket the insurance money. Instead of taking these drastic steps, the L.I.C. could

MEETING THE L.I.C. CHAIRMAN

Meeting the present Chairman of the L.I.C. was very disappointing. This writer had submitted a report to the National Reviews Committee headed by Mr. Ezra Sezhiyan about the L.I.C. discriminating against women. Naturally I was eager to find out how much of this was taken cognisance of. The committee has submitted its report, but it is yet not made public. So I inquired if the report contained any suggestion about improving the L.I.C's dealings with women. The Chairman, Mr. Joshi, said that there was none. Then he went on to claim that the L.I.C. treats men and women on a par. I was taken aback. When the pregnancy clause and sex-extra were mentioned, he said that women have to pay extra because Nature has made them differently! So it appeared that our complaints should be directed to Nature!

Next I gave an example of a woman policy holder whose first policy, taken before marriage had the pregnancy clause, and when the same person took a second policy 15 years later and had a ten-year-old child, the pregnancy clause was still attached. Did not this mean sheer injustice — and carelessness on the part of L.I.C. personnel? The answer was that L.I.C. officers are legion and enployees countless, so mistakes do occur.

But in financial transactions no mistake like this ought to be permitted. Moreover, when a mistake is committed repeatedly, one smells a rat — is there a secret directive to retain the clause in all women's policies? Otherwise why are not development officers more careful? Or are the vast L.I.C. personnel employed to make such convenient mistakes?

As the Chairman was vehement about not reviewing the rejected cases I naturally asked him what was wrong with such a demand. It had proved helpful in Urvashi Dave's case. Her husband has been promised payment. I was told that an ex-gratia payment is to be made because there was agitation about it. Does the Chairman then imply that rejected claims will only be reviewed under pressure? Is this a signal that women should start agitations in the streets before the mighty Corporation chooses to lend an ear to their grievances?

have stipulated that the nominee of a woman's policy ought to be a person other than her husband or father-in-law, say for example, her children or her parents. But these assumptions and the definitions do not prevent he L.I.C. from insuring the life of a woman if she earns a regular income or pays income-tax. Then she is a good risk. So the L.I.C. is only concerned with premium-paying capacity, nothing else. Good business maybe, but poor performance from a corporation that claims to look after the "yogakshema" of the people

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST WOMEN

The L.I.C. lays down that widows can be insured only after a full consideration of their insurance needs.

This means that she is a risky proposition for the L.I.C. and best avoided. Once a journalist asked the Chairman of L.I.C. "What would the L.I.C. do if Mrs. Gandhi asked for insurance cover? Will they give her any?" The Chairman did not reply. The L.I.C. has been discriminating against women in many other ways also. Women are denied certain very attractive types of insurance plans — the multi-purpose plan, the guaranteed benefit plan and the convertible term insurance plan. The first two do not matter very much, but the convertible term (Table No. 58) must be made available to wo-

REPUDIATING CLAIMS

Many of us must have seen advertisements inserted by L.I.C. in various journals telling the readers how promptly a widow was paid her deceased husband's insurance money, thus giving her the financial security to face life on her own. This advertisement adds that within a month of intimating the death of her husband, the widow received the cheque. But do all widows get paid so promptly? The Corporation's report (78-79) says that 29,244 death claims are outstanding, involving a sum of more than Rs. 21 crores. Of these, more than 13,000 have been pending for more than six months, some for more than two years. And of the unpaid claims one does not know how many will be rejected and will never be paid. When a claim is rejected, what happens? The majority of nominees accept the verdict because law suits are expensive and so, even if they know that legal remedy is available, it cannot always be sought.

Let us look into a couple of such cases. Janaki Ammal went to court when her claim was rejected. Her husband had taken a policy for Rs. 12,500. The case dragged on from 1955 to 1967 when the High Court of Madras decided in her favour. The L.I.C. had contended that the insured had suffered from hypertension and V.D., but had not disclosed it. The court commented that the L.I.C. had not proved this. But the question is, how did the doctor and the development officer come to accept the proposal? Having accepted it, how can the L.I.C. challenge the claim and penalise the widow?

Then there is a case of Mr. V.S.N.C. Narasimha Chettiar. He had taken two policies for Rs. 20,000 and Rs. 30,000 in May '54 and March '55. He died in May '55, and the L.I.C. contended that he had not disclosed that he had high blood pressure and diabetes. The court awarded the full amount to the widow in 1964 (AIR 1965 Madras 357).

Another case also shows how L.I.C. repudiates claims after accepting premiums. One Deoghar Singh of Bihar took out a policy for Rs. 25,000 in 1955 and died in 1960. The L.I.C. contended that Singh had lied about his age. But the L.I.C. had accepted the proof of age submitted by him and admitted the age in 1955. The L.I.C. contended that there was a technical fault in the admission of age, but the court commented that the Corporation had failed to show how it accepted the proof earlier. The L.I.C. personnel should have looked into the technicalities at the time they issued the policy, and not after five years when the claim arose.

The comments of the courts and the details of the cases cited above amply prove how the L.I.C. rejects claims on flimsy grounds and makes the heirs of policy holders, some time poor, helpless widows and orphans pay for the negligence of its personnel.

The time taken in pursuing the claim in the courts of law ranges from six years to eighteen years! By this time the widow and children could well die of starvation or untreated ailments. Hence the demand for appointing a tribunal which can provide quick and inexpensive justice. The L.I.C. opposes the suggestion and says that the Claims Review Committee has been appointed to look into such cases. But this is just eyewash.

The committee comprises senior L.I.C. officials who circulate the files among themselves, and policy holders are not given a chance to put in a word. A tribunal would mean proper hearing of both sides without involving huge expense and delay.

.THE L.I.C.

men as it is the cheapest offered by L.I.C. The premiums are comparatively low. It provides a very useful insurance cover for unmarried women who may be the only earning members, or widows who are supporting their families. No, they must take only the high-priced policies.

Another odious practice of the L.I.C. is the sex-extra charged on women's policies. The sex-extra changes from plan to plan; for the ordinary endowment plan it is Rs. 3 per Rs. 1,000 per year, but for the anticipated plan it is Rs. 3.75. Why this extra? According to the manual, it is intended to compensate the Corporation for the higher mortality likely to be experienced in the case of women. And even the sex-extra is not considered enough, the agents are exhorted to screen out carefully the riskier cases.

OLD ASSUMPTIONS JAR TODAY

The L.I.C. made the assumptions about women clients around 1960, and even today their policy towards women is governed by these old ideas.

For example, a recent circular issued by the L.I.C. gives insurance cover without medical examination to government servants up to a maximum of Rs. 20,000, but for women employees it is Rs. 10,000 only. The idea behind this probably is that a government servant has had a medical check-up before he joined, but then, when it comes to women, is the L.I.C. doubtful about the check-up?

When a representation was made to the National Review Committee headed by Mr. Ezra Sezhiyan (MP), it was pointed out how prejudice against women appears to have influenced the working of the L.I.C., but a member of the committee reportedly asserted that this was being done in the women's own interest! Asked how, he said that the lives of women are shrouded in mystery and they are often killed for the insurance money. To say this about urban government servants appears to be nothing but a sham. In any case, the L.I.C. does not bother about poor and rural women, and is only concerned with working and rich women. To say that even their lives are shrouded in mystery is ridiculous. It is time L.I.C. gave up this kind of outdated thinking and stopped discriminating against women

WHEN SKELETONS TELL TALES

Did you know that skeletons tell tales, sometimes revealing macabre secrets? Yes, they "speak" to experts, especially to anthropologists and scientists trained to notice insignificant details. From the mass of facts crammed into the human skeleton, even in a few bones or just a mere fragment of bone, scientists can sometimes deduce correctly how that person died.

When we remember that on an average the human skeleton has 206 bones, not foretting the "tell-tale" skull, the expert's trained eye and sense of smell have obviously considerable scope, and lots of clues to enable reasonably accurate deductions to be made. "Sense of smell?" Yes, when, for example, dealing with skeletons or bones of bodies that have been preserved.

You may wonder: "How could these scientists tell positively from a skeleton found somewhere underground that the person had died a natural death or had been murdered?" For instance, when the skeleton of a man who had lived about 1,000 or so years ago was uncovered by an anthropologist at North Elmham, Norfolk, why could it be stated without doubt the man had been murdered? Because three cuts on his skull, after expert examination, were identified as sword cuts, and — according to the report — his throat had been cut, though how the experts knew this was not revealed! Too late, of course, to catch the murderer!

Of course, it doesn't need scientific skill to deduce that somebody whose skeleton reveals a round hole in the skull was probably a victim of foul play. During renovations at the palace of Ossory at Kilkenny (Eire) in December 1963, two skeletons, male and female, were discovered under a stone stairway. That they were murdered seemed clear from two basic facts: the skull of the female skeleton had a round hole in the forehead, caused, it was thought, by a sword thrust or a bullet. Also, the grave, a shallow one, was placed where discovery was unlikely. Bearing out this belief is the comment of the foreman in charge of the renovations. He said: "It was obviously a very hasty grave. There were only a few inches of soil between the slabs and the bodies."

Whose bodies were they? While there were suspicions that they were the bodies of an archbishop and his wife who had mysteriously disappeared after quarrelling with a bishop some 200 years ago, no confirming proof was forthcoming.

Sometimes the evidence of what caused the death gives an obvious clue to that person's occupation. For instance, when a female skeleton was dug up on a building site at Bath in April 1969, a bolt was found projecting through the skull. There were spikes also in the body. Conclusion reached by a jury which included a pathologist: the skeleton was that of a witch!

Often a skeleton "speaks" loudly enough for examining anthropologists to reveal within limits its race. Approximate age, too, at time of death can often be deduced. On the question of sex, experts know that the male skull is larger and more rugged than the female. Nor is it too difficult for experts to identify whether the skeleton is that of a white or Caucasian person rather than that of a Negro or Mongoloid person. Tell-tale facts are these: the white man's nasal structure is more highly developed, with higher roots and bridges, the jaws protrude less, and the palate is narrower.

The age of any skeleton, say the experts, is disclosed by the "knitting of the sutures" of the skull. These are the "stitches" that hold the skull together.

Also, the religious beliefs a man had in his life-time can, on occasion, be revealed by the things buried with that person. When, for instance, the skeleton of a Frankish nobleman was found in a grave at Berghelm (Germany) in October 1955, toilet articles, decayed food and weapons were found lying around the skeleton.

Clearly he was a pagan, believing, like the ancient Egyptians, that it was necessary to keep clean and have plenty of food and weapons as he fought his perilous way to paradise.

And having arrived at those pearly gates, he had the entry fee ready — a gold Roman coin firmly held between his teeth!

Alan Kent

When your child is hurt, do you stop with merely washing the wound?

After cleaning cuts, skin abrasions and burns with Savlon Liquid Antiseptic, apply Savlon Antiseptic Cream immediately and for a few days thereafter. Savlon Antiseptic Cream gives long term protection

Savlon
antiseptic cream
- destroys dangerous and resistant germs
- provides protection for a longer time
- soothes the injured skin as it heals.

CAS/ACC/8/80 C

Savlon Today's most advanced antiseptic

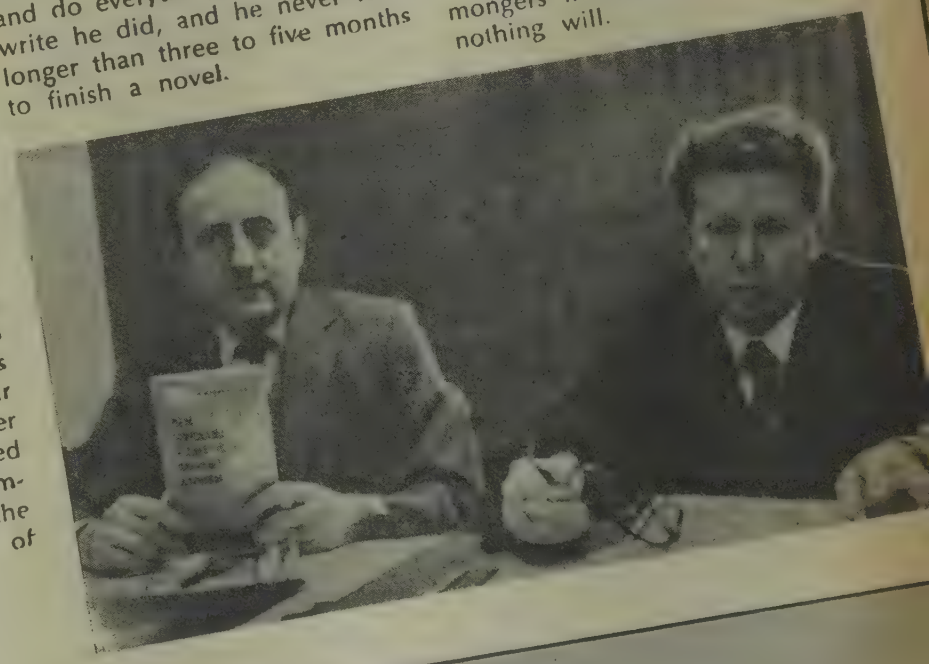
"Savlon" is the registered trade mark of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, U.K.
Licensed users: The Alkali & Chemical Corporation of India Ltd.

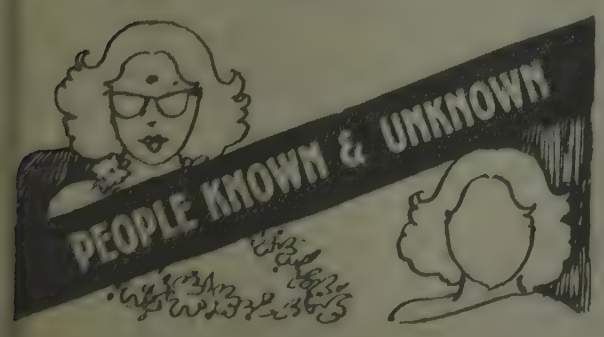
REMEMBER the girl with the sunny smile and the mane of hair who walked into the hearts of every American soldier who had her poster put up on his wall? Or the girl who nearly stole **Vijay Amritraj's** heart? Well folks, **Farrah Fawcett** (once upon a time Majors) has got herself a new image. After bombing in her first film, "Somebody Killed Her Husband" in 1978, Fawcett has wisely decided to return to television. In "Murder In Texas", a four-hour mini series for NBC TV, Farrah portrays Joan Robinson Hill, a famous socialite who died mysteriously in 1969. Hill's physician husband had been tried for murder but not convicted due to lack of evidence. The role forced Farrah to ride ponies English style. But more important, she revealed her full face for the first time by combing her hair back into a tight pony tail. And who says dumb Farrah doesn't have a sense of humour? The film crew, she says, realized that she was a good actress, after all. "Sometimes I wonder if it could have been my hair that has hurt my career."

IN another part of the world, in England, to be precise, enraged citizens are crying out for the blood of the Yorkshire Ripper (see Eve's Weekly, Dec. 13, 1980) who has now been identified as truck driver **Peter William Sutcliffe.** The Ripper murdered no less than 13 women. His modus operandi was to hit them from behind on the skull with a hammer, then drag them away and stab them frenziedly with a knife or a screwdriver. He is also said to have disembowelled his victims and then arranged their clothes in a ritualistic manner over their bodies. The bearded 35-year-old suspect listened Impassively to the charges in the English court while a mob of more than 1,000 men, women and children cried out for his death. The crowd shouted "Kill the bastard", and the police had a difficult time controlling these people, who had been terrorised for five years by the Ripper. Meanwhile, fearful that the crowd might vent its fury on Sutcliffe's Czech-born wife Sonia, the police have placed her under their protection.

A GREAT author who brought experiences from his personal life into almost every novel, died recently at the age of 84 in Switzerland, where all rich people and tax exiles make their home. **A. J. Cronin,** who spent his childhood years as a poor boy in a small town in Scotland, won several scholarships and turned out to be a brilliant doctor. For someone who was world famous for his novels, Cronin abhorred writing and may never have given up the medical profession but for the unexpected success of his first novel, "Hatter's Castle". He felt lonely writing. No sooner would he be seated at his desk, he once confessed, he would rise again, begin to wander around the room, look at the view, chew toffees and do everything but write. But write he did, and he never took longer than three to five months to finish a novel.

FRIGHTENED that the world's hawks are ready to launch a nuclear war in the mistaken belief that while the enemy's country would be destroyed, their own would remain intact, American and Russian physicians have come together to explain to the public the dangers of a nuclear war. They have formed a group, International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. As Harvard cardiologist **Bernard Lown** and Soviet physician **Yevgeni Chazov** pointed out, if a 20-megaton bomb (1,000 times as powerful as the one dropped over Hiroshima) burst over the city of Boston, not only would the whole city be engulfed by fire and destroyed, out of a population of three million people, 2.2 would be killed outright. Almost every survivor would be maimed, burned, or in shock. Of the 6,000 physicians in the area only 900 would be fit to treat the injured. In time, survivors would develop new and virtually incurable ailments (the survivors of Hiroshima, for example, have not only developed virulent forms of cancer but even passed it on to their offspring) such as severe radiation poisoning and adverse reactions to contaminated food and water. And if all this grim information doesn't put the warmongers into a state of shock, nothing will.





WHO but an utterly irresponsible woman would have 11 children, all aged 11 and below, get pregnant again with her twelfth child, and go dancing till the wee hours of the morning, leaving all 11 children alone at home? Virginia Williams did precisely that, and when she was at last traced and brought to the hospital, all her children were dead. For, while she was merry-making, her two-storey house in Illinois, United States, caught fire and it was too late by the time the fire brigade arrived. The children, many of whom were found huddled in the passage, were burnt, but the main cause of death was asphyxiation. Police are still investigating the cause of the fire.

Lakshmi Narayan

Growing children need Complan

Only Complan® has 23 vital foods they need every day.

Growing children have special needs, since they normally complete most of their growth by the age of 15 or 16.

Proteins are the nutrients which directly contribute to growth. That's why your children need COMPLAN—now. COMPLAN not only has proteins (20%) but also the best proteins (milk proteins) children can get. It also contains 22 other vital foods like carbohydrates, fats, vitamins and minerals that children need in their growing years.

Start your children on COMPLAN —twice a day, everyday. Remember, COMPLAN is the planned food most recommended by doctors.

COMPLAN is available in delicious Chocolate, Cardamom-Saffron and Strawberry flavours—and also Plain. Children just love the taste!

Protein	Riboflavine
Fat	Nicotinamide
Carbohydrate	Calcium Pantothenate
Calcium	Choline
Phosphorus	Pyridoxine (B_6)
Sodium	Vitamin B_{12}
Chloride (as Cl)	Folic Acid
Potassium	Vitamin C
Iron	Vitamin D
Iodine	Vitamin E
Vitamin A	Vitamin K
Vitamin B_1	

No need to add milk

Complan®

–the complete planned food

FREE! 32-PAGE BOOKLET

"The Complete Family Nourishment Guide." Please write, enclosing a 50 p stamp, to:

Post Bag No. 19119, (Comp.) G.64
Bombay-400 025

LINTAS GLC-6.2620

MADHU KAPOOR: "I AM THE DEHATI TYPE"

Jyothi Venkatesh

Madhu Kapoor breezed in on the film scene with Rajshri's "Manokaamna" opposite Raj Kiran. Not many however have noticed her existence because it was a small-budget film which was relegated to morning shows in the suburbs. Madhu is the daughter of veteran director Kedar Kapoor, who in fact directed her maiden starrer.

"Did the fact that your father is a well-known director help you in procuring offers from film-makers?" I asked Madhu when I met her at her Khar residence.

"On the contrary, my father proved to be a stumbling block to my career," Madhu explained. "Dad was against my taking up films. In fact, though 'Manokaamna' is the first film of mine with me in a leading role, it was with Mehmood's 'Ek Baap Chhey Bete' that I made my debut in films three years ago. Mehmood was in our house for 14 hours to persuade my father into letting me act in his film. I played his son's girl friend in the film. Because of the frequent fights between Mehmood and his sons, several scenes involving me and his son were scissored, unfortunately for me."

For a beginner she has done well and is quite busy, but what she needs is a big banner to launch her into the big time. And she bars the bare look in a bikini as the easy way upward

If only Madhu's father had agreed to let her take up a career in films earlier, Madhu might have made her bow in either 'Hum Kisise Kam Nahin" or "Laila Majnu". But she had to refuse both offers.. And though she signed a contract with Gulzar, the project didn't materialise.

"My screen test was taken on the sets of Gulzar's 'Khushboo.' When my father refused to let me take up Gulzar's offer after he had allowed me to work in Ek Baap Chhey Bete', I had to rebel and insist on being allowed to take up an acting career. I was so set on it that I even gave up my studies after my school though Dad wanted me to join college for further studies."

Madhu is all praises for the Rajshri people who have signed Madhu for two or three more films to be made by them shortly. "The Rajshri people are so organised. They may pay you less, but they pay you whatever they promise, and they pay on the dot, unlike the big banners which are very erratic in payment."

Although still a minor actress, Madhu has quite a few films on her hands. She has been teamed with Arun Govil, the blue-eyed boy of Rajshri, in almost half of his starrers. She is working opposite a new boy called Pankaj Dheer in two films, and in another film she is to be directed by her father. She is to be teamed opposite Raj Babbar in "Dharti Ko Akash Pukare". Madhu's other films include "Beta" and "Lakhpati" opposite Arun Govil and Prem Nagariya.

Madhu admits that signing for a big banner does help a lot. "If today Yash Chopra or Ramanand Sagar signs me up for a film, tomorrow hundreds of producers would start queueing up at my door-step, because it is the in thing in the industry to ape what the big film-makers do. But then I am not doing so badly, actually so much better than many other beginners who made their debut with big stars like Rishi Kapoor."

And important film makers are taking interest in her after her performance in "Manokaamna". One of them is the great Raj Kapoor who told her that she would be wasted if cast in his "Prem Rog".

Though Madhu is endowed with an eye-boggling figure, she has reservations about exposing herself in front of the camera. "I turned down Pramod Chakravorty's offer to be cast in his 'Barood' as Rishi Kapoor's leading lady because I didn't want to parade around in a bikini. You see, the trouble with me is that though I have a good figure, I possess a very Indian face and people just will not accept me in any role other than as a goody goody dehati type — like the role, played in 'Manokaamna' and 'Saanch Ko Aanch Nahin'."

So given a good director and a good role Madhu should make it to the marquee before long.

Photograph : Kantilal Khatri

THE ANTISEPTIC ROBOT

Subhadra Sen Gupta

WHEN my sister was married she was a month short of her eighteenth birthday. I still feel that if she had been a little older and more mature when she was married she would not have become the terrible husk of a woman she became later. I was too young to do anything then and by the time I started to protest it was much too late. Now every time I look at her I search frantically for somewhere to put the blame — on our parents, her in-laws, our religion, the city of Calcutta But I know no one is more to blame than my sister herself.

A year after her marriage, when she came to visit us in Delhi, she wandered around the house and in an excess of pleasure opened her arms out wide and said, "What fun! For the next four weeks no more changing clothes and no more baths."

"No more baths?" I asked. startled, "Why not Rina?"

"One a day," Rina said firmly, "And not a single more."

The explanation for this sudden antipathy to cleanliness came later. It seemed that Rina's mother-in-law insisted that before she cooked a meal or entered the prayer room Rina should take a bath. Rina loved cooking and so she was bathing at least twice a day. After two years as a liberated college girl she found it all rather ridiculous, but she was still too scared of her new family to do anything. Her husband Rahul had never insisted, but Rina was anxious to keep her mother-in-law happy.

Next year we were in Calcutta and we went to visit Rina. She had been married into a large family. Rahul was one of five brothers and three sisters. The house seemed to be full of chattering people who peeked curiously into the drawing room where we sat eating samosas and rosogollas and making polite conversation. Rina looked happy enough. Two other daughters-in-law with their heads covered demurely served tea and disappeared. Rahul's mother was at prayer, we were told. She never left the puja room until she had completed her full ritual which Rina told us involved nearly twenty idols and took three hours. However, as we had come all the way from Delhi she had graciously decided to meet us at the puja room just for a moment.

At the door of the puja room, Rina asked us to wait outside, and went in. I looked questioningly at mother and whispered, "Can't we go in, too? I've taken off my shoes."

Mother shook her head and said, "You can't. You haven't taken a bath.

"Of course I have," I said indignant.

"That bath," said Mother laughing, "was in the morning."

Delhi born Bengali barbarian that I was. I still did not understand.

Then Rina's mother-in-law came majestically out of the room. She was huge, with the flab an unhealthy pale yellow like ghee. Her stringy hair was pulled tightly into a top knot and she wore a gleaming red bordered white sari. She came and stood before us with a pale smile cracking the thin lips. As mother bent reverently to touch her feet, she promptly moved a few inches back. Rina said. flustered, "Don't touch her. Mother." Mother, pink with embarrassment touched the floor before the pair of puffy feet and then folded her palms. I was scandalised. That fat female was treating my mother like a leper and so, ignoring the beseaching looks from Rina and Mother. I smiled stiffly and refused to do such ridiculous obeisance as touching the floor. After the royal audience we trooped back to the sitting room and the fat lady went back to washing her gods.

On the way back Mother enlightened me. The world of Rahul's mother was divided into the pure and impure. She lived in a set of "touch" rules. Things could be made impure simply by touching them, as our fingers were capable of transmitting pollution like electromagnetic waves. Food, I found, was impure. If you have touched a glass of milk, then to enter the prayer room you will have to change your clothes. The air outside was impure as it had touched the bodies of other people and so we, after our trip by an impure taxi, could not touch her. Our mouths I was told, were terrible. While eating, even if we were using a fork and spoon the hand with which we were eating was stinking with impurity and we couldn't touch anything with it. So, if in an impulse of affection I had kissed that repulsive fat woman I would have contaminated her all over and she would have had to take a bath in diluted Ganga water

The waves of pollution moved faster than the speed of light. Suppose you entered the kitchen with your impure shoes on, in a second the whole room would be besmirched. Pollution, I found, was everywhere. You had to know how to look for it.

For days after I had felt very worried about Rina. What a horrible way to live, I thought—like an antiseptic robot. Rina tried to assure me, "It's not that bad," she said, "We don't have to obey all the rules you know. She hardly ever goes out and she is a vegetarian and she changes her clothes every time she goes to the bathroom. But she doesn't expect us to do the same."

"But you have to take baths," I protested.

"Well, it's not all that unfair," she said. "After all you will be cooking the meals and you shouldn't be carrying any germs with you. It's good to keep everything clean."

Rina was on the way to becoming a convert. but I didn't recognise the signs.

Rina had become her mother-in-law's favourite. She was such

an enthusiastic bath-taker. All the other women in the family would ignore the purity regulations as far as possible, but not Rina. I could never fathom why she had become so spineless and I could never be sure that she was doing it just to please the Fat Lady. A part of her had responded with genuine belief. And that was the most ominous part of it.

Rina had two children pretty quickly. By the time she was twenty-five she looked like a matron of forty. Salwars, churidars, trousers were out of course. Most of the time she wore white saris with broad borders and a lot of heavy gold jewellery. She started to chew paan and put on a big red bindi which would often be smudged. She became mentally sloppy and lethargic, rarely reading newspapers or books. All she knew were the babies and their bowel movements. Even the children were not to be enjoyed, just obsessively watched over. I felt they frequently irritated her. To my intense unhappiness I gradually realised that I had very little in common with my beloved sister whom I had loved and admired so much.

She had been a sportswoman and in school she had won cups in high jumps, while I sat in the library ruining my eyes devouring story books. She had been the "talented" sister, who became the head girl and spoke in debates, while I listened to teachers telling me, "Why can't you be like Rina?" It all made this new Rina, sitting on the sofa, folding paan and gossiping about the marriage plans of distant relatives, so very heart breaking.

Once, when Rina came to visit us in summer, I was going through a phase of enthusiastic jogging. I looked at her getting off the train, puffing, and said, "Rina, you lazy lump! What have you been doing to yourself? You have put on at least ten kilos."

"So what?" she said heatedly. "If you think I'm going to diet, you are mistaken. This is my holiday."

"You don't have to diet. You could jog with me every morning."

It wasn't easy to persuade her. On the first morning I woke her up at five. Moaning and protesting she entered the bathroom. I though to brush her teeth. She came out an hour and a half later.

"What took you so long?" I asked indignantly.

"I had to take a bath," she said righteously.

"Bath! At five in the morning? What for?"

Rina glared at my dusty sneakers and frayed jeans and said, "I'm not like you, moving around in dirty clothes. I always take a bath first thing in the morning."

"For ninety minutes?"

"I had to clean the bathroom first. The floor was muddy and there was toothpaste sticking to the wash basin. I can't stand dirty floors."

I persevered for a few days, but Rina cleaned the bathroom every morning and on the fourth day when we left for our run it was 7.30 a.m. and the bright June sunlight finally broke my resolve. Rina put on four kilos in the next month.

Whenever Rina came to stay she would inspect the house and decide that it looked like a pigsty, that my room and my clothes were filthy and that all the curtains, cushion covers, table cloths needed washing. Mother and I are habitually neat, but for Rina unless the rooms gleamed with polish and smelled of disinfectant, they were not clean. It kept worsening every time she came until while we would be looking forward to seeing her we would also be dreading the cleaning and polishing that would follow.

Then the weird illogical rules started. Rina became a vegetarian on Tuesdays, though she ate meat and fish the rest of the week. Then she would not cut her nails on Saturdays, she never ate anything sour on Fridays and something as harmless as garlic was strictly taboo. One Tuesday, when her vegetables were cooking on one burner of the gas range, I boiled an egg on the other. Rina, catching me red handed, polluting her holy meal, had screamed as if I was about to pour sewer water on her stupid potatoes.

EVERYTHING WAS SHROUDED IN A DEEP HOLY INNER MEANING WHICH INFIDELS LIKE ME COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND. SHE PARTICULARLY DISAPPROVED OF ME BECAUSE I WOULD WEAR SHOES IN THE KITCHEN, SMOKE AND CHEW GUM, AND THE WORST SACRILEGE — I OFTEN SKIPPED MY BATHS IN WINTER

Desperately we argued with her, cajoled and begged. She had become oblivious to logic and reason. No one was allowed to question the validity of her actions. Everything was shrouded in a deep holy inner meaning which infidel untouchables like me could never understand. She was particularly disapproving of me because I would wear chappals in the kitchen, smoke and chew gum and the worst sacrilege, I often skipped my baths in winter. For Rina I was a sloh, and at times when I teased and taunted her. I felt she hated me.

One winter I had to go to Calcutta for some work and Rahul and Rina insisted that I stay with them. After the death of Rahul's parents, their joint family had broken up and they had shifted to an apartment. After a week I realised fully what Rahul and the children were going through. Rina was yet to reach the manic level of Rahul's mother, but she was on the way.

Rina's obsession with water had flowered into a passionate love affair. The day would start with her spending two hours at her bath and then she would supervise the maid in her cleaning and dusting. The house smelled like a hospital and the floors were always damp. And she constantly carried Ganga jal around in a copper bowl and sprinkled it about at the slightest excuse.

Things could be touched or not touched at her will. The children coming home from school, famished and tired, had to change into freshly washed clothes before Rina allowed them to eat. She was always screaming at them because they had tracked mud on the floor or cuffed up the sofa. At her two-hour puja twice a day Rina would wear a yellow silk sari and sit before her dozen idols and refuse to move. It was irrelevent that she was needed urgently. People could fall ill, an earthquake could crack the ceiling, but Rina would not budge. Once I asked her if she knew the meaning of all those Sanskrit mantras she muttered, and if her looks could kill I would have been a charred corpse.

The touch phobia became a mania. While Rina was in her holy silks no one could touch her. On Tuesdays the family had to eat Rina's vegetables because she refused to allow any meat or fish to be cooked that day. And all day she was screeching, "Don't touch that, wash your hands, take a bath, dust that, polish this." I tried to tell her that she was deliberately pushing her bright, loving children away from her. Rahul looked at her with such detached indifference, it worried me. But Rina had no time to listen.

Rina had little time for her family. Rahul and the children no longer expected her to join them on outings. They would plan a picnic and then Rina would discover that it was the third Friday of Chaitra and terrible for picnics and cancel everything. So they had stopped asking her. For them Rita was a glorified cook and the big mamma of the scouring powder. She bored them.

An old school friend of mine lived in Calcutta. She was a Bengali Muslim. Rina wasn't at home when Shehnaaz came to visit. Rahul and I were chatting with her when Rina came in.

Continued on page 43

BRAIDED SENSATIONAL!

Fantastic creations combining weaves, twists and tiny plaits, inspired by the famous Bo Derek braided style, currently dominate the hairstyle spectrum of fashion. Bo wore her hair in braids, in her movie "10", that set a worldwide fad. A style few women could carry, yet a lot of them tried.

Using lightweight beads, colourful ribbons and feathers, glittering cords, tiny flowers, sea shells — co-ordinate your decorations with whatever you plan to wear.

These styles seem simple but are in fact time-consuming — some take even 10 hours at a stretch to complete! While our beauty expert Kiyoko M. and her assistants laboured for hours on each style, the models nearly exhausted their patience "But the experience was novel," they said.

We have featured here the latest

ction of these dramatic hair-do's.
aps you could adapt these to
bliment your face and your per-
lity. So go ahead and experiment.

irstyles — courtesy: Beauty Par-
Tokyo, Bombay

otographs: Taiyeb Badshah

Following in the Mid-Day tradition

A HAPPY, INFORMATIVE SUNDAY TO YOU

SUNDAY MID-DAY

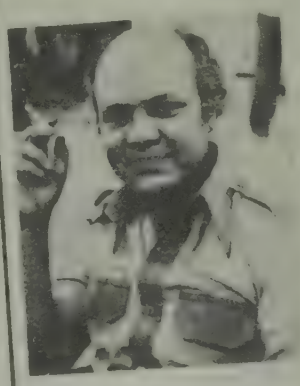
Offers readers

YOU AND YOUR STARS...

By Bejan Daruwalla, the nation's No. 1 astrologer and the only person to have forecast Sanjay Gandhi's tragic accident (almost to the very day). A full-page forecast for the week, the year for your birthday.

FROM THE GRAPEVINE..

By Janardan Thakur, political Delhi's most explosive columnist, the man with the inside line on all the prime minister's men. Presenting all the behind-the-scene news from the capital, publishable and unpublishable.



PHILLUM PAGE...

By Ingrid Albuquerque, among the three top film journalists in the country. Text and photographs on all the things that keep happening in the phillum world.

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS...

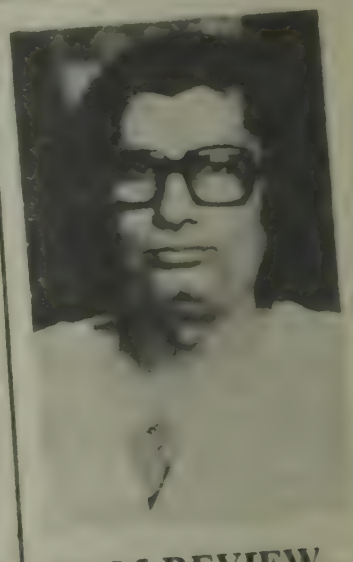
By Shobha Kilachand, the lady with the quicksilver pen. It may be your turn to be mentioned in her column next.

Sunday Busybee.... ....by BUSYBEE
Ask Nutan.....by NUTAN.
Beauty Guide.....by HEMA MALINI.
Homoeopathy and you.....by Dr. RASHID WADIA.
Sports... A.F.S. TALYARKHAN
Cricket.....by Top Correspondents
Racing.....by AZIZ CURRIMBHOY.
Serialisation of the latest bestseller.
Step-by-step cooking.
Comics, gardening, fashion, travel, books, prize contests etc.
And all the news of the day

Edited by: Khalid Ansari

BUSINESS AND FINANCE...

By Nusli R. Davar, the new money wizard with a series of financial scoops to his credit in just one year (a MID-DAY discovery). Investors' portfolio, the week's market, chart craft, a whole new guide to the business world.



FILM REVIEW...

By Vinod Mehta, the critic who never rates a film higher than "poor". A brand new style of reviewing, which treats the Hindi cinema as Hindi Cinemas

ON SALE EVERY SUNDAY MORNING IN YOUR CITY.

SUNDAY MID-DAY is the paper that gives V.F.M. (Value for money)

P.S. Have you tried your hand at the SUNDAY MID-DAY CONTEST A special quiz designed to test your intelli- gence and win you a price.

You can send any number of entries Prizes for winners

THE LATEST NEWS, THE MOST EXCITING FEATURES

50 P. ONLY

DR. SUNANDA NARAYAN

A RARE LINE OF RESEARCH

Dr. Sunanda Narayan is the only woman expert in India in a rare line i.e. research in the field of Sheep and Wool Development. She was the Joint-Director of the unit for the Rajasthan Government for several years and was responsible for setting up wool-testing laboratories and was officer-in-charge of several research projects of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research and the State Government.

Sunanda hails from Bangalore. After graduating in Science from Mysore University, she joined the Medical College. But she was forced to give this up when she got married. After her first son was born, she studied for her M.Sc. and took the degree from Bombay University. In spite of a home and two sons by then and a job in the Sheep and Wool Department, Rajasthan, Sunanda did her Ph.D. She published many technical papers in her field for which she received the State Government awards twice for outstanding research in the qualities of Indian breeds of sheep in comparison with those of other prominent wool-producing countries. This is of particular interest when it is noted that the Indian Wool Textile Industry has to import fine wools for manufacturing of top quality woollen fabrics.

Sunanda Narayan was awarded the United Nations Fellowship to New Zealand and Australia where she attended the First International Wool Conference as the only Indian delegate. No wonder she was requested by several Committees of the I.C.A.R. and the Indian Standards Institution. to help them.

One must say it was no mean feat to combine a home, with four strapping sons (the last two are twins) and a research-oriented career. A word of praise must go to Sunanda's husband, Dr Narayan, her one-time boss in the office! They made a happy pair with similar interests in their jobs.

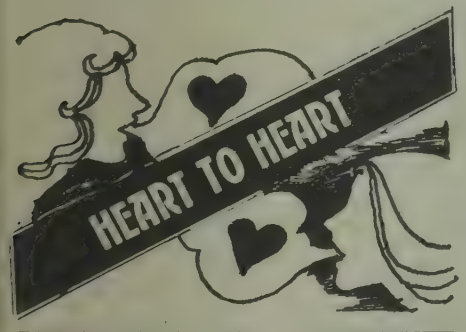
Now after retiring as Joint-Director, Sheep and Wool Research Institute, Jaipur, Sunanda has settled down to a quiet home life. But it is not in her to be satisfied with just household chores.

She has opened a reading room for women and children at her house where she has a fine array of books and popular magazines. She has taken particular care to stock books on sewing, cooking and art.

As President of the Ladies Lions Club, she gives a lot of her time to social work. She is an active member of "The Friends of the Blind" and is on the betterment committee of a well-known girls' school.

Not to lose touch with her subject, she has become a Research guide at the Agricultural University in Bangalore where she recently helped in studying the results of cross-breeding of local sheep with an exotic breed for improvement in wool production.

Leila Keshav Iyengar



Confide your personal problems to Mrs. Kamlesh Nischol, c/o Eve's Weekly. Mrs. Nischol is a leading psychologist and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight.

THINK OF YOUR CHILDREN

GIVE THIS SERIOUS THOUGHT

I have been married for five years and have two young children. Only last week I discovered that my husband has been unfaithful to me. I have proof of this. What shall I do?

In my view, there are several things you need to consider before taking any step. Firstly, unless a man is emotionally immature, he will not seek another female's company. At other times he may have high expectations of you which he feels have been belied. It would not be out to point to ask you to introspect to determine whether and where you have failed in his expectations.

Secondly, at this moment your heart is heavy and your pride is hurt. Any action that you take would most likely be impulsive. Assuming that you are mature, I suggest that you "sleep over" the problem for a while, and later, when calmness and rationality dawn, you may see his deviant behaviour in another light.

Thirdly before considering a divorce, think of the children who will be faced with the problem of economic difficulties and a broken home.

I am not condoning the action of your husband. In fact, I feel that he should visit a Marriage Counsellor who would be in a better position to guide him.

FITS OF DEPRESSION.

I am a 30-year-old executive. I was married to a very pretty girl recently. Soon after marriage I had some differences with my wife which led to bouts of depression. As I was getting these off and on, I consulted a doctor who advised me to visit a psychotherapist. Can you tell me whether I will go insane?

Let me assure you that you will not go into insanity. If you were in real danger, you would have little awareness of going insane. People who finally go insane are neither concerned about it nor do they feel that it is even possible.

In all probability, you are suffering from some kind of neurosis. Any feeling of inadequacy or inferiority is a form of neurosis if one is not very factual about it.

As you have not given me the facts about the differences with your wife, I am not in a position to guide you.

LEAVE THIS OTHER MAN ALONE

I married a man 15 years ago who seemed wonderful at that time. Even today I respect him but he seems to take me for granted. Off and on he leaves home and I have to fend for myself and the children.

Lately a friend of my husband has started showing me the affection and consideration I have craved for. I have become attached to him and wonder whether I should take a divorce or not. Please advise.

In my view, spouses should maintain the ties and bonds of the home unless there is a real change of heart on both sides. Possibly your husband is suffering from some tension at home which prompts him to seek peace elsewhere. Try to communicate with him and ascertain what is bothering him.

As regards your friend, I feel that it is easy for another man to show you attention when it only involves periodic demonstrations without the responsibilities of marriage. Remember, sometimes this taking for granted attitude reflects the complete confidence of your husband in your ability, Undoubtedly you crave for affection but do you have any guarantee that this other man will give it to you for your life time?

I suggest that you attempt to put your house in order and divert your energies towards a more purposeful future.

Ever since churidar-kameez sets became fashion news, they have gained tremendous popularity among the young. This has inspired many young designers to improvise styles in numerous mix a match of colour and print. The six styles featur here are designed by POONAM VERMA. Th

A churidar-kurta in sunny yellow with Rajasthani mirror work appliqué decorating the yoke.

A printed kurta overprinted in a khari print and edged with gold braid falls straight from shoulder.

A black kurta, highlighted with a multicoloured appliqued piece with mirror work embroidery.

Photographs : Prashant Gupta

Creatin
A YOUNG W

dar-kameez ensembles are now the most ver- and favourite of outfits and they can be made phisticated or as casual as you please.

Poonam will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of these attractive clothes on January 30 and 31, 1981, at the Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay.

A bandhani printed kurta, styled the Rajasthani way, matched with a plain coloured churidar.
A dress-like kurta in pin-dots falls gently in soft folds from a square embroidered yoke.
A navy-blue kurta with braid edging is matched with a khari printed dupatta.

tyle:
WPOINT!

THE CHADDAR

A popular T.V. compere is dismissed for refusing to cover her head, career women complain of discrimination, and daughters are disowned

When Mehtab Channa, 31, one of Pakistan Television's most elegant personalities, was replaced by Khushbakt Aliya to compere "Farozan", a popular youth programme, the incident stirred a wide debate on the rights of women in the context of the current Islamization drive in Pakistan. Channa is reportedly being "punished" by self-appointed guardians of public morals for her refusal to cover her head with a chaddar, before the cameras.

Charming Channa herself is too sophisticated to go into the politics of it all, and smilingly explains that she was exhausted after having compered the programme for over a year. "I need the rest," she adds. But unlike Channa, many other women in the country refuse to dismiss the incident with a mere smile. "Not when half of the nation's population remains in a state of servitude," says one.

Channa's case becomes even more significant as it occurred even before the dust raised by participants at the National Conference of Muslim Women had subsided. The four-day conference hosted by the Women's Division at Islamabad concluded on October 30 after a resolution was passed to combat age-old prejudices against women and to rediscover in the light of the Koran the proper place and role of women in a modern Islamic society. A memorandum signed by 5,000 Pakistani women was presented to President Zia-ul-Haq asking for 30 per cent representation in all services and 30 per cent seats in all professional colleges. A demand was also made for more reserved seats in local Councils and Legislative Assemblies, if and when elections are held, and the regulation which says that it is the male prerogative to become the President of Pakistan, was vociferously decried.

It is in fact difficult to understand why the covering of one's head, or making it compulsory for all women to wear a chaddar is receiving such priority in Pakistan when the purdah system in the strict sense of the word is a later innovation, and did not prevail in the days of Prophet Mohammad. Emphasis on external manifestations seems even more irrelevant when statistics reveal that only 12 per cent of all women in Pakistan are literate as compared to the 36 per cent literacy rate amongst men. At the matriculate level, less than one-third of those who pass their examination are women, while in higher education their ratio is even lower.

Due to lack of employment opportunities, the rate of female participation in economic activity is extremely low. While 52 per cent of all men are economically active, only four per cent of women are part of the labour force and a majority of these are employed in the agricultural sector, or are doing low-paid and unskilled jobs. Pakistan is one of the few countries in the world where the average life expectancy of its women folk is actually lower than that of males. "This is because lack of health care, poverty, illiteracy and malnutrition tell more on women since they are the ones who are first deprived when there is not enough to go round," points out Semeen Jaffery, a journalist.

However, Pakistan today is going through an interesting phase. It is in the process of deciding how its people should live. Till the final decision is taken, contradictions will prevail in society, For what is a burkha-clad woman, driving at breakneck speed a flashy Japanese or an American made car, if not a contradiction?

MEHTAB CHANNA

Mehtab Channa is definitely one of the most eligible bachelor women in Pakistan today. At 31 she has perhaps stolen more hearts than any other woman in that country. Says Shafi Mohammad, a young TV actor, "As a student of Hyderabad University, I would walk up and down the corridors waiting for Mehtab to emerge from her classroom and give me one look, just one look."

Besides having compered two of the most popular programmes of Pakistan television, "Apni Baat" (replying to viewers' letters) and "Farozan", Channa is also head of the Department of International Relations at the University in Hyderabad. And it is the latter job which she takes more seriously. TV is just a diversion for her.

Despite all the glamour that surrounds her, Mehtab is basically old fashioned. She hates to talk to the press, and is not excited to see her photographs splashed in magazines and newspapers. When she is not doing a programme for TV or teaching at the University, she likes nothing better than to spend her time with her family. That is one reason perhaps why her family does not nag her about her appearing on TV. This is quite a welcome attitude, as a career in films or TV is not considered too respectable for women by a large majority of families.

Always dressed in not very fashionably tailored salwar-kameez suits or in a saree, Channa does not need to cover her head to look sober. She always does without doing so. She answers the million-dollar question as to why she hasn't married yet by saying that it is for no particular reason, but hopes she will do so soon.

"Oh, yes, our society is full of contradictions and double standards, and it is easy to intimidate an unmarried, working girl." Since she herself is very conventional and avoids controverses, she faces few problems. "Young working girls get into trouble in a society like ours if they are seen too often enjoying the company of males, or dressing in a too obviously unconventional manner. Women are beset with socio-economic and psychological problems all over the world. We also have our problems. I am trying in my own way to make life more meaningful. Firstly, I do what I feel is right and I am able to take decisions because of my education," she says. By appearing on TV throughout the last decade, without getting involved in any scandal, she feels she has opened the doors of a career in TV for many girls who are "bound to follow in my footsteps."

MALIKA RAZA

Malika Raza, 31, actually wanted to become an engineen Since that opportunity was missed, she grabbed the next one that came her way and she is an air-hostess with Saudi Airways.

"If it wasn't for my family staying in Karachi, I would never come here," says the London-based air-hostess who feels that the atmosphere of the city where she spent her childhood is stifling.

"I have to answer so many questions here: why I wear my hair so short for instance, or why I want to walk in the market clad in jeans and, above all, why I haven't got married yet. Nobody interferes in your personal life in London and that's the way I like it."

GAZALA SHAH

Gazala Shah can't even think of staying anywhere else except in Pakistan. A graduate from St. Joseph's' College, Karachi, pretty Gazala now looks forward to her wedding. "It might take some time to materialise as

CONTROVERSY

if they dare fall in love outside their sect. A cross-section of women speak to MEHRU JAFFER on what it is like to be a woman in Pakistan

my fiance is still looking for a job," says the 20-year-old.

She feels the mullahs are destroying her country and giving a bad name to Islam. "Who are they to tell us 'Do this' and 'don't do that' when most of them are not good Muslims themselves? I know some who have married girls half their age. I, for example, am a good Muslim even though I wear jeans, talk to boys and don't observe purdah. I have read the Koran and am trying to lead a life as laid down by the Prophet. I try to be a good human being and that is what Islam wants us all to be above all. I wish the mullahs would realise that forcing women to wear chaddars is only going to increase the hostility between the sexes."

AQILA

A model turned housewife, attractive **Aqila** insists on being bracketed among the "mothers." "For that is what I am most these days," she says, hugging her 10 month-old baby girl born seven years after marriage.

Although born and brought up in Pakistan, she left for the USA after she married at the age of 19. "I have absolutely no idea as to what is happening in this country," she says shrugging her shoulders, with just a slight American twang in her faultless English accent.

"Roots brought my husband back to the homeland, but he is amazed at the corruption he encounters at every corner. At this rate I don't think we will last very long in this country.

BUTUL KAZIM

Butul Kazim, a graduate of Lahore's American School, is one of Pakistan's most promising badminton players. She partners Ismat Saeed in Women's Doubles and Tariq Wadood in Mixed Doubles in National Tournaments. Both Ismat and Tariq are the country's number one players. She is now a student of the famous Kinnaird Women's College, Lahore, and on her first visit to the campus she was rather bored at the conversation which her class-mates indulged in. "They talk mostly of boys and giggle a lot,' says the 17-year-old who obviously has more worthwhile things on her mind.

"Although a lot of women in Pakistan play badminton, they are discouraged from taking part in other games like hockey and cricket. I have read articles in newspapers condemning these sports for women. Orthodox men and women argue that women will become too mannish. And one chauvinist took the cake when he said that girls will lose their virginity if they take active part in too many out door activities! Occasionally there is talk of not allowing men to watch women play in tournaments. If this ever becomes a rule, men will behave even more indecently in the company of women."

MOHSINA BILGRAMI

A medical doctor by profession **Mohsina Bilgrami,** 29, dreams of having her own clinic one day. "But only after my children are old enough to go to school," she says. Mohsina has a two-year-old son and another baby is on the way.

Always a rebel of some sort, Mohsina was encouraged from childhood to think and act independently by her father. But the same father prefers to disown her now because she "dared" to fall in love and marry a Shia boy against his wishes. Mohsina comes from a family of Sunni Muslims who are the majority community in Pakistan.

Even as a student at the Dow Medical College, Karachi, Mohsina broke all traditions and attended classes without wearing the traditional dupatta. Along with a group of like-minded friends she patronised the college canteen, used only by male students in the past.

"A lot of gossip was spread about us, but soon the same people who talked ill of us started doing everything we did," she says. Mohsina, who drives a slick black Mercedes car, feels that the roads and market-places in Pakistan were much safer places to visit during former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's regime. "Crime and violence are definitely on the increase these days. But this is merely an observation and not a political statement," she clarifies.

SAMEENA PEERZADA

"Whatever freedom I have today, I have acquired it. It was certainly not given to me," says **Sameena Peerzada,** 26, Public Relations Officer, Hotel Intercontinental, Lahore.

"To be taken seriously as an individual, I have to keep proving all the time that I am serious. This is both physically as well as emotionally very tiring." Sameena had to even fight with her mother, though she was considerably broadminded, when she decided to marry Usman, then a struggling actor, at the age of 20 years.

In no way does she regret having been born a woman in Pakistan. Women, she feels, are struggling all over the world today to be taken seriously. In this country one has to struggle a little more, that is about all.

NEELAM JETHANI

One of the most interesting conversations was conducted with **Neelam Jethani,** a Hindu Singhi. Unlike India, where out of every eleven persons one is a Muslim, the Hindus in Pakistan constitute only 0.5 per cent of the population. After a long search I spotted Neelam relaxing on the luscious lawns of her palatial house in Karachi.

"Actually we are Sufi Sindhis. We offer namaz as well as worship the Sain in the Hindu tradition, but we do not marry Muslims. I only know of one uncle who has a Muslim wife."

Continued on page 33

Some of the most beautiful moments in a woman's life are shared by Khatau.

Terkosa Sarees from Khatau

PERSONAL CHOICE

EARTHY FLAVOURS

It's entertaining fashion today to have on the menu some major item of unfamiliar-to-the-palate food.
Our hostess, RENU CHOPRA, serves a really unusual item — the Afghani "Khadda Shahi" — a meat and paratha dish, wrapped in banana leaves and baked beneath the earth, which gives it a distinctive flavour.
Renu has modified the method of cooking to suit urban conditions but yet retain the flavour.
She learnt traditional Indian dishes from her mother and the art of continental cuisine at a cooking class.
A good housewife, her other interests are flower arranging and dress designing.

KHADDA-SHAHI

To serve 8 persons
6-8 banana leaves
½ cup ghee or oil
1 tbsp. coriander leaves
6-8 green chillis
2 onions, grated
½ tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. garam masala
1½ tsp. coriander powder

FOR THE MARINADE :
1 cup curds, beaten
½ tsp. garlic, crushed
½ tsp. ginger, crushed
1½ tsp. red chilli powder

First marinate the meat in the above marinade for two hours. Heat ghee and cook the grated onions till light brown. Add the meat. Then add to it the turmeric, garam masala and coriander powder. Cook over low heat till the meat is tender and the oil separates from the meat. Once the meat is ready prepare twenty parathas and keep aside. Then take one metre piece of cloth and lay it on the floor. Over this place the banana leaves so that one overlaps the other, leaving no gap in between. Over this place ten parathas, once again overlapping them. Then put the cooked meat over the parathas and sprinkle with chopped coriander, mint leaves and green chillis. Then cover the meat with the remaining ten parathas, once again over lapping. Fold the banana leaves over it and tie the cloth around it.
Now take eight cupful of red earth and blend it into a paste with water. Apply this earth paste over the cloth covering it from all the sides. Then place this into a preheated oven for thirty to forty minutes. The oven should be heated for at least thirty minutes before putting in the 'Khadda-Shahi'.
Untie the cloth and serve on the table with the banana leaves.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

TANDOORI PANEER

500 grams paneer

FOR THE CURD MIXTURE :

1 tsp. garlic, crushed
1 tsp. ginger, crushed
1 tsp. garam masala
1½ tsp. red chilli powder
1½ tsp. salt
A small piece mace
½ cup thick curds
1 tsp. red food colour
1 tsp. each green chillis and coriander leaves, chopped

FOR THE GREEN CHUTNEY :

1 bunch coriander leaves
½ coconut, grated
4 tbsps. sugar (optional)
1 tsp. each salt and cummin
2 tbsps. peanuts
A sprig curry leaves
5-10 green chillis
2 lemons

In a bowl mix all the ingredients given for the curd mixture and keep aside.

Grind all the ingredients given for the chutney together. Add the lemon juice. Keep aside.

Cut the paneer slab horizontally into three layers. Sandwich the layers with chutney. Apply the curd mixture on the top layer. Grill for five to seven minutes in a very hot oven, brushing the top with melted ghee.

BAKED MASALA CHOPS

1 kg mutton chops
5 cups water
3 onions, grated
4 bay leaves
6 big cardamoms
2 sticks cinnamon
50 grams ginger, grated
6 black peppercorns
4 cloves

FOR THE POTATO BATTER :

4 big potatoes, mashed
50 grams coriander leaves
50 grams mint leaves
½ cup milk
1½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. mustard powder
3 eggs, beaten
½ tsp. red chilli powder
6 green chillis, chopped

Boil the chops in five cups of water along with all the above whole spices, the grated onions and ginger till tender. Mix all the ingredients given for the potato batter. Form into a thick paste.

Cover each chop with the potato batter and shallow fry in a frying pan till light brown.

Then grease an oven proof dish and place all the chops in it. Bake in a pre-heated oven for ten to fifteen minutes till brown.

MOTI-MAHAL CREAMY UDAD DAL

250 grams sabat udad
2 tbsps. Bengal gram dal
2 tbsps. rajma (optional)
2 tbsps. ghee
1 tbsp. ginger, chopped
3½ tsps. salt
3-4 green chillis
3-4 dry red chillis
1 tsp. garlic, crushed
90 grams butter
1/3 cup curd
½ cup thick cream
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. garam masala
3-4 tomatoes

Wash the dals well. Cook under pressure with seven cups of water. Cook for half an hour. Remove pressure and beat the dals well with an egg beater Cook for further twenty to thirty minutes on a low heat, add the beaten curds and one third cup of thick cream.

In a frying pan melt butter. Lightly fry the chopped ginger green chillis with one teaspoon of chilli powder. Mix well and add the blanched tomatoes. Cook a little for three to four minutes. Add garam masala and add this tomato mixture to the dal and cook over low heat for further five to seven minutes.

KOLIWADA PRAWNS

1 kg prawns, shelled

FOR THE GRAM FLOUR MIXTURE :

¾ cup gram flour
1 tsp. garam masala
2 tsps. red chilli powder
3 tsps. mango powder
2 tsps. salt
½ tsp. red food colour powder

Mix all the above ingredients given for the gram flour together into a dry mixture. Devien the prawns, wash and pat dry. Mix the gram flour mixture over the prawns and keep aside for at least twenty minutes so that the mixture forms a thin coating over the prawns.

Heat the ghee and deep fry the prawns till brown. Serve hot garnished with green onion rings, lemons rings and coriander.

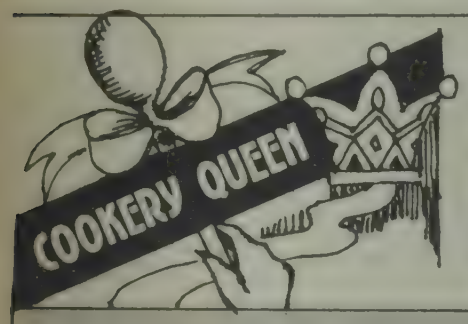
BLACK FOREST CAKE

FOR THE SPONGE :

4 eggs
90 grams flour
30 grams cocoa powder
120 grams castor sugar
½ tsp. baking powder
2 tbsps. melted butter
1 small tin cherries, stoned and chopped
200 grams fresh cream, chilled
4 tbsps. rum, brandy or kirsha

FOR THE SPONGE :

Preheat the oven at 425 F. Sieve flour, cocoa and baking powder together. Grease two seven inch cake tins. In a bowl beat the eggs with castor sugar till light and fluffy. Fold in the sieved flour mixture. Lastly fold in the melted butter. Divide and spread the cake mixture in two greased tins. Bake for ten to fifteen minutes. Remove and cool. Cut both the sponges horizontally. Mix rum with three to four tablespoon of the cherry syrup. Add a tablespoon of sugar to the cream and beat till thick. Place a layer of sponge onto a cake dish, sprinkle the rum juice mixture over it. Spread a layer of cream and sandwich it with the second layer of cake. Now sprinkle this second layer with juice and rum and spread cream over it. Then arrange the chopped cherries over it. Sandwich it with a third layer with the rum and juice mixture. Spread a layer of cream on it and then place the top layer of sponge. The top layer should be covered with cream. Arrange a few whole cherries for decoration. Sprinkle grated milk chocolate on top Instead of cream and grated chocolate chocolate icing can also be spread



COOKING WITH POTATOES

SHYAMALI MAZUMDAR, Jodhpur.

Mrs. Mazumdar wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a Taper Fry Pan from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

POTATO-PRAWN-PANCAKE ROLL WITH COCONUT SAUCE

500 grams potatoes, boiled
8 eggs
1 cup flour, sifted
1 tbsp. cornflour
3 cups milk
Salt and pepper to taste
Oil for frying

FOR THE FILLING :

500 grams prawns, minced
½ cup cabbage, grated
½ cup carrot, grated
1 tomato, sliced
2 onions, finely chopped
2 green chillis, thinly chopped
1 tbsp. ginger-garlic paste
½ tsp. ajinomoto
Salt to taste
1 tsp. garam masala

FOR THE SAUCE :

2 eggs, beaten
2 cups thick coconut milk
2 cubes cheese, grated
½ cup butter or margarine
2 tbsps. flour
1 cup fresh thick cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Mash the boiled potatoes. Combine flour, salt, eggs, mashed potatoes and one cup of milk. Keep stirring until smooth. Gradually stir in the rest of the milk to make a batter. If required, add little water. Make pancakes out of this mixture and keep aside. Heat the ghee. Saute the prawns and vegetables along with onions, ginger, garlic and chillis. Add ajinomoto. Fry well. Sprinkle garam masala. Keep aside. Now arrange the vegetables and prawn mixture over each pancake and roll neatly. Keep aside. To make the sauce, melt the butter and add the flour, salt and pepper. Remove from the fire and gradually add the coconut milk until well blended. Return to the fire, stir until it boils. Add the cheese and beaten eggs and cook over very low fire. Simmer for a few minutes until thick and creamy. Cool and mix with fresh cream. Serve the pancakes with coconut sauce.

Miss Maye Mathew, Manipal.

HIDE AND SEEK

½ kg potatoes
200 grams fleshy fish
2 tbsps. skimmed milk powder
A few mint leaves, garlic, and chilli powder
Pepper and salt to taste
3 eggs
3 green chillis
5 grams black gram dal
A piece ginger
3 onions
Oil as required

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE :

3 big potatoes
100 ml. milk
Pepper, salt, little sugar to taste

FOR THE GARNISH :

1 tomato
¼ bunch coriander leaves

Boil the fish with little of mint, garlic, chilli powder, pepper and salt. Remove the bones. Fry the chopped onions till brown. Mix with the mashed fish and keep aside.

Mash the boiled potatoes and mix with skimmed milk powder and little salt. Form into a dough and divide into small balls. Roll and cut into triangle shapes. Fill the pieces with one tablespoon of fish mixture and close the sides with the help of little water. Dip in beaten egg and deep fry.

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE :

Mash the boiled potatoes. Mix with milk, pepper, salt and sugar and make it to a sauce consistency. Spread the sauce in the serving dish, and garnish with tiny cut tomato pieces and coriander leaves. Serve with hot potatoes.

Mrs. Swapna Dutta, Bombay.

TWIN POTATO CUTLETS

600 grams potatoes
½ coconut
1 bunch coriander leaves
10 green chillis
6 cloves garlic, flaked
Salt to taste
3 eggs
200 grams semolina
¼ kg oil or ghee for frying
50 grams cashewnuts
50 grams raisins
Juice of ½ lime

Boil four hundred grams of potatoes. Mash and keep aside. Grind to a paste the coconut, coriander leaves, green chillis and garlic. Add to the ground masala the lime juice and little salt and keep aside. Peel the remaining potatoes, cut them very fine and fry them crisp in oil with little salt and keep aside. Now knead the mashed potatoes well with salt and make twenty balls out of the entire mixture. Now take one potato ball, flatten and spread a little ground coconut chutney in the centre. Keep aside. Repeat till all the balls are done. These should be kept on greased thali. Now in the centre add equal quantity of crisp potatoes, one or two raisins and half cashewnuts. Cover each with the other flattened mashed potatoes. Cover the edges neatly and keep aside. Repeat till all are done. There will be ten potato cutlets. Now beat the eggs in a bowl with a pinch of salt and keep aside. Heat oil. Dredge each cutlet in dry semolina, dip them in beaten egg and deep fry till golden brown. Serve hot.

JAYA SURYANARAYANA, Nagpur.

Mrs. Suryanarayana wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4-plate Meera Steam-Thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

POTATO SANDWICH IDLI

1 cup black gram dal
2 cups rice
2 medium size potatoes
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
100 grams butter
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE :

½ coconut, grated
8-9 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
1 inch piece ginger
½ tsp. sugar
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ lime
Salt to taste

Soak the dal and rice separately for about three hours. Grind the dal into a smooth paste and the rice to a coarse paste. Mix the two pastes together. Add salt to taste. Leave the mixture overnight to ferment.

Peel and slice the potato into thin round slices. Add water and turmeric powder and quarter teaspoon salt. Boil for five minutes. Drain the water. Cool.

Mix the butter with chutney, spread this mixture on one slice of potato and cover with other slice. Keep aside.

In an idli cup put a little idli mixture and then put potato sandwich, and again cover with little of the idli mixture. Steam like idlis. Serve hot with butter and coconut chutney.

Miss Nundita Bhatnagar, Ajmer.

PEETHE-KE-ALU

½ kg small potatoes
1 cup rice
1 tsp. each chilli, turmeric and coriander powder
1 tsp. raw mango powder
1 tsp. cummin seeds
A little asafoetida
Salt to taste
Coriander leaves, chopped
6 tbsps. oil for frying

Wash and soak the rice in water for about two hours. Sieve the water, and grind the rice to a smooth powder. Keep aside.

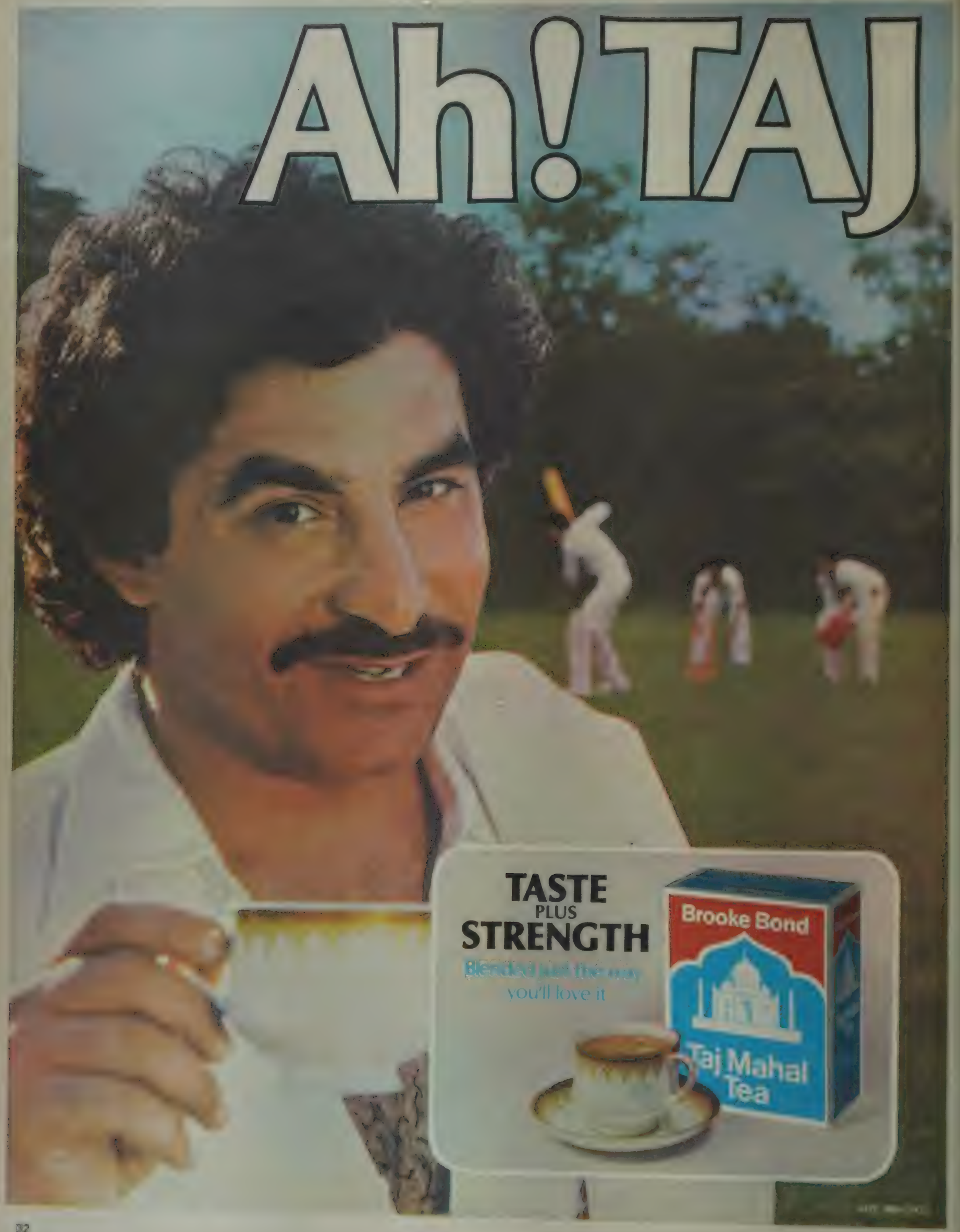
Wash the potatoes well. Smaller ones may be used whole. Cut the larger ones into quarter centimetre thick slices. Heat the oil in kerahi. Add cummin seeds and asafoetida. When they begin to splutter, add the turmeric and chilli powder. Quickly put the potatoes. Add salt and coriander powder. Mix well and cover. Cook on slow fire till the potatoes are crisp and brown. Now mix well the rice flour and mango powder. Again saute over very slow fire for about fifteen minutes.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.


Ah! TAJ
TASTE
PLUS
STRENGTH
Blended just the way
you'll love it
Brooke Bond
Taj Mahal
Tea

THE CHADDAR CONTROVERSY

Continued from page 27

Neelam is the daughter of a zamindar and is married to one. She lives with her husband in his ancestral home in Tandoadam, about three km from Karachi. "My husband sleeps till very late in the day while I laze around the house, or cook a little occasionally. All the housework is done by a string of servants who also put oil in my hair, massage me and press my legs when I want them to. When my husband finally gets up we sit and play ludo," says 22-year-old Neelam sounding a little bored. The house is well equipped with a colour TV, a refrigerator and a cooking gas connection.

"I was not conscious of being a Hindu in Pakistan till I visited Bombay and participated in the Holi celebrations. Ever since, on each Holi I feel so depressed sitting here, as we do not indulge in any gaiety during the festival. Also don't ask me how we celebrate Diwali. No lamps are lighted and crackers are banned. Another thing which upsets me sometimes is why members of my family should not drink alcohol if they want to. And when we are not Muslims, why should we be forced to drape ourselves in chaddars like Muslim women?" she questions.

While she was allowed to give the interview, Neelam was refused permission by her husband to be photographed.

NAZIRAN

Naziran looks at least 15 years older than her 40 years. She is the second wife of a washerman and has gone through myriad experiences, some good but mostly bad, ever since she left home in Gurdaspur, Punjab (India), after partition and came to Lahore. Apart from financial problems she does not seem to have many others. Sex discrimination does not affect her and she does both men's chores as well as the caring for kids. She feels that woman is weaker than man by nature, in more ways than one. "Man is superior to a woman," she stresses.

But Naziran realises the importance of education. What she missed in her life, she is now providing for her young daughter who is a student of Home Science.

SURAIYA FATIMA

Suraiya Fatima, "Bajia" to all who know her, is one of the few "intellectuals" spoken to who does not feel that the chaddar is cumbersome. "It

can look beautiful and all women should wear it," she advocates.

The 50-year-old Bajia feels there is a definite purpose in making it compulsory for all women. "The idea is to preserve one's identity. When people see a chaddar clad woman pass by, they will say, 'There goes a Muslim woman'."

Bajia started writing from the age of 12 years and is today one of Pakistan TV's most sought after dramatists, excelling mostly in period plays. Out of her love for the glorious period of Islamic history were born "Abgeeney" and "Al Saffa", two popular TV serials. But Bajia's critics say that the good characters in her dramas are very good, while there is no end to the villainy of the bad characters.

SADIA PIRZADA

"Why don't the chauvinistic mullahs openly say that they have in mind a campaign against women living in cities?" wails **Begum Sadia Pirzada,** 37. She is referring to the recently issued edict that all women in Pakistan must wear a chaddar. Her indignation is justified to the extent that the order cannot be enforced on the much larger section of women living in villages. Among poor peasants women have duties on the farm as well as in the house and cannot observe purdah. In Punjab picking of cotton is exclusively a woman's job.

"Can you imagine women wearing a chaddar and planting paddy in fields, picking cotton or threshing wheat?" she asked.

Wife of Abdul Hafeez Pirzada, a leader of the People's Party of Pakistan and Minister in former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's Cabinet, Sadia feels that as head of the nation, Bhutto was genuinely concerned about providing a dignified existence for women. Between 1971 and 1977 a lot of good precedents were set in the country as far as women are concerned. Begum Liaqat Ali was the first woman to become a Governor (Sind Province) and Kaneez Yusuf was appointed Vice-Chancellor of Islamabad University. The doors of the Foreign Service were also thrown open for women during this period.

"Although they are supposed to be learned, I don't think people like Ayatollah Khomeini have the slightest clue as to what Islam is all about. It is the reign of the mullah's Islam in most Muslim countries today and not of Prophet Mohammad's Islam. The mullahs however fail to realise that participation cannot be

denied to half the population if the nation is to be brought closer to the spirit of Islam."

Along with Begum Nusrat Bhutto, the former PM's widow, Sadia was actively involved, in the past, in numerous welfare activities for women, "most of which are now being undone." she regrets.

HASINA MOIN

Hasina Moin, 40, a General History teacher, suffered tremendous criticism when the leading lady in "Shehzori", a TV serial by Hasina, marries above her status. Every week, for seven episodes, the girl was shown on the TV fighting for her right to be accepted by her in-laws, who till her marriage were her employers.

Hasina's critics found the leading lady of the serial a

little too bold and outspoken for their taste. This was in the early 70s and only the beginning. "Kiran Kahani", another TV serial, followed soon after in which Hasina tries to understand the psychology of a girl whose parents are separated. She loves them equally and in trying to please both, herself becomes schizophrenic.

Through her writings Hasina explodes the myth that a woman's place in society is restricted to the performance of domestic chores and living up to ideal standards. She has since written nine serials for TV, besides numerous short plays.

"I hate to see women indulge in self-pity. I make my women get down to doing what they want to. That they sometimes get into trouble and may even fail in the end to achieve their objective are secondary. It is having tried that matters." says Hasina who is a cousin of Qaratulain Haider, the brilliant Urdu novelist of modern India.

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

YOUNGSTERS

Shirish Nadkarni

Sporting standards in practically all sports are going up the world over. An obvious conclusion from this premise is that youngsters must be dominating over veterans and old-timers, for it is only youth that can have the peak fitness and raw speed to rise to a new high. World tennis, for example, has shown clearly that teenagers like **Tracy Austin, Pam Shriver** and **Andrea Jaeger** are consistently proving a thorn in the side of the old guard, comprising **Martina Navratilova, Evonne Goolagong, Billie-Jean King,** et al.

Fortunately, India has not been left behind in this Youth Revolution. Youngsters are to the fore, sprouting up in every sport from every corner of the country. December and early-January proved to be ideal as a period in which to assess the development of these rookies, for the national championships in practically all important sports are held in these two months. Following the hockey nationals, the top sportswomen from all over India vied for top honours in the basketball, volleyball, table tennis, kabaddi, kho-kho nationals; and even as this goes to press, the country's top shuttlers will be parading their wares at Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh, in quest of the national crowns.

The recent weeks threw up into prominence such young girls as **Rajbir Kaur** (15) the mercurial Punjab forward, who dazzled everyone present at the hockey nationals in Indore; **Amreeta Ahluwalia** (20), who has already left her indelible impression on Indian tennis as the prima donna of the game in the last three years; **Radhika Bose** (16), who figured in three consecutive finals of the women's event in the three major ranking badminton tournaments played in different parts of the country. There was 17-year-old **Rohini Khadilkar** with her forceful manoeuvring on the chess board, leaving a good impression behind at the World tournament in Valetta; 12-year-old **Binaisha Dodhy**, the Bombay schoolgirl who obliterated a national mark in the shot put event.

The influx of youngsters in their teens at the very top augurs well for the future of Indian sport. It is now up to officialdom to ensure that this talent is not lost to us, but nurtured. Rough diamonds must be polished to bring out their brilliance: else they remain looking like so many lumps of glass

• • •

The 31st basketball Nationals at the Nehru Stadium, Indore, were dominated by the four teams who also swept all before them last year at Jaipur. Holders Punjab runners-up Maharashtra, Karnataka and the Railways were expected to reach the semi-finals this year too; and all but one of these kept their places in the round of four. The one to be shunted out were Karnataka, who went down to Kerala rather easily, since they were without some of their key players.

Punjab duly annexed the prestigious Prince Basalat Jah trophy, beating their old rivals Maharashtra in the final by a margin of 68-59. Though the scores do not suggest it, the match could have gone either team's way until the last few minutes, when Punjab broke away to gain a handy 65-50 lead. The winners thus completed a fine hat-trick, having won the trophy in the previous two years as well.

The fight basically centred on Maharashtra's ability to keep pace with the speedy Punjab girls. There was no doubt that the girls from the North were the superior side. There were two distinct occasions in the match when Punjab gained breakaway leads that stood them in good stead. The first time was within minutes of the start when Punjab came up with some beautiful drive-in lay-up shots through **Sarita Sharma** and **Kiranjit Bittu** to go up 24-11. **Nandini Gulwadi** (Basrur before her marriage) came up with some superb baskets, and combined with **Jacinta D'Souza** to narrow the gap, so that at the half-way mark, Maharashtra were just one point behind at 38-39.

Suman Sharma and **Kanwaljeet** sliced through the Maharashtra defence to once again take Punjab safely ahead. A 15-point lead with just seven minutes to go proved to be good enough for Punjab, especially as Maharashtra's **Shobha Iyer** and **Ananthalaxmi** were out through five fouls each. Nandini laboured hard, but at the final whistle, Maharashtra were nine points short, and had to rest content once again with the runners-up berth.

Earlier, in the semi-finals, both teams had runaway victories, Punjab carrying too many guns for gallant Kerala, and Maharashtra holding off the Railways by convincing margins. Much was expected of the Railways girls, especially after their morale-boosting win over Delhi the previous night by a narrow 54-48 margin. But they could not contain the Maharashtra girls, particularly Nandini, who had an excellent tournament. **Shubha Puthran** (nee Prabhu), Railways' star player, and a former international, shone in the Railways attack, but did not get the requisite support from her team-mates

Punjab, boasting an array of internationals, had no difficulty in eliminating Kerala, who had created a major upset by shocking Karnataka in the quarter-finals. It was Suman Sharma, one of India's most promising pivots, who played havoc with the rival defence. She combined in some nippy moves with **Suman Sood** and Sarita Sharma, and the three between them notched up 60 points out of Punjab's final tally of 72.

In group matches, Railways had begun on a confident note, thrashing Bihar, but were totally outplayed by Punjab when the two met later in the pool. Karnataka had a thrilling outing against Bengal, the match being decided basically on the number of fouls committed by the players. Bengal, with almost double the number of fouls, were handicapped in the last reaches when they were leading 44-39, and conceded a string of free throws, which enabled their oppon-

LEFT: Martina Navratilova

TO THE FORE

ents to not only bridge the gap, but put their noses marginally ahead at the tape.

* * *

The All-India Hard Court Tennis Championships at Anantapur saw Tamil Nadu's Sardarni, Amreeta Ahluwalia, totally outplaying everyone else in the draw. Not once did the strongly built girl, just out of her teens, concede more than two games per set; more often than not, at least one love set was reserved for each opponent! Amreeta's steady, deep service and her ability to really go for her shots showed her rivals up as literal "weaklings." Some idea of her dominance can be had by the fact that she won the final against junior **Parvati Venkataramiah** without dropping a single game. She would simply serve and storm the net to put away the weak return. Even when she stayed back at the baseline, her shots were deep and powerful enough to leave her antagonists standing.

Among the girls, it was the highly promising **Nandini Rangarajan** who took the title, and the girl on the losing side of the net was once more poor Parvati. This time the scores were a little less one-sided, with Nandini winning 6-3, 6-2. None of the Old Guard, like **Nirupama Mankad** or **Kiran Bedi** entered the tournament.

* * *

The 29th National Volleyball Championships at Kozhikode unveiled a series of one-sided matches in the earlier rounds. Among the few exceptions were Chandigarh's hard-earned four-game win over Delhi, and Maharashtra's struggle over five games with Goa. However, the big guns demolished all these sides, with Punjab thrashing Maharashtra, Railways steam-rolling all over Delhi, Karnataka beating Chandigarh, and Posts & Telegraphs sidelining Goa. In their turn, P & T were totally put into the shade by West Bengal.

The finals saw a keen tussle in the first three games, with Railways coming back strongly after dropping the first game to last year's champions, Kerala. Once the second and third games were in the Railway compartment, the fourth game proved to be a rout. Kerala caved in at 5-15, unable to spike the smashes of the hard-hitting Railways side.

* * *

The World Chess Championships at Valetta saw the country represented mainly by the three sisters who have dominated Indian chess ever since the Nationals were first introduced in 1973. First **Vasanti Khadilkar** won it in the inaugural year, then passed on the mantle to younger sister **Jayshree** the next year, **Rohini**, youngest of the three daughters of newspaper owner **Nilkanth Khadilkar**, then took over to win the national crown thrice in a row.

The sisters gave a very good account of themselves, and although India could not finish in the first four places, some of their games raised favourable comments from such chess personalities as grandmaster **Tony Miles** of Britain, who had a superb win over the illustrious **Vladimir Ljubojevic** of Yugoslavia when the two teams clashed in the men's section. Miles, watching Rohini play her attacking game, mentioned that the day was not far away when the three girls, whose average age is 19, would be challenging the best in the world.

India suffered as a result of losses to Sweden (by one point to two), Wales (1-2), and of course the powerful top two, Russia and Hungary, by 0-3 margins. On the credit side were wins over such teams as Scotland (conceding only half a point), Ireland and the powerful Australian (2-1). Most of the Indians' outright points were gained by Rohini, who was in excellent form throughout, while Jayshree managed to draw her games with most opponents.

Rohini Khadilkar

Jayshree Khadilkar

The tournament was won by the narrow margin of half a point by Russia, who notched up 32.5 points out of a possible 42, in 14 rounds of three boards each. Hungary finished with 32 points, leaving USSR the winners for the eighth time. The Soviet side, comprising world champion **Maya Chiburdanidze, Gaprindashvili** and **Alexandria** was the strongest all-round side in the tournament.

* * *

As this goes to press, the first ever women's Asian chess championships, sponsored by the engineering firm Accumax, has come to a conclusion in Hyderabad and, predictably, the Khadilkar sisters, Rohini and Jayshree, are the winner and runner-up respectively. Seven countries accepted the invitation and among the top players from abroad were Rani Hamid and Mahfuza Islam from Bangladesh and Sunita and Roshna from Sri Lanka. The other countries represented were Australia, Singapore, China and the Philippines.

* * *

On the athletics front, the 12-year-old Bombay schoolgirl Binaisha Dodhy torpedoed her own national mark in the shot put event for girls under 14. Heaving the shot over a distance of 10.69 metres, she achieved a

Continued on page 38

Rabbits are immobilised to prevent them from licking or scratching, as shampoo concentrates are dripped into their eyes to test their safety.

the PAIN behind the PAINT

Mala Vaishnav

Few people are aware of the fact that behind the attractively packaged cosmetics and perfumes which flood the markets lie a gruesome reality of cruelty to animals. Hunted and trapped unawares, clubbed between the eyes, mangled, tortured, skinned alive, they suffer a fate worse than death — to provide men and women all over the world with a constant flow of heady fragrances, chic apparel and trendy footwear.

Civet, a fixative secreted in the anal glands of the African civet cat is one of the most important raw materials used in scents. When it is time for the extraction of the "precious" secretion, the animal's head is imprisoned inside a tight structure and its body whipped rapidly causing it to become frenzied and excited. The discharge is then scraped out with a horned spatula and the gland lubricated to prevent inflammation which may lead to the agonizing death of the animal in two days' time. Civet cats are kept alive for four to seven years for this substance which is scraped away at regular intervals.

Similarly, thousands of musk deer are killed every year in Nepal and India by trapping, poaching, and poisoning for the valuable musk which is obtained from a pod in their abdomen. In the "Draize patch test", introduced by Dr. J. H. Draize of the United States, guinea pigs among others, are first immobilized and a part of their hair abraded. Adhesive tape is firmly pressed on and quickly stripped off. Irritants (astringent preparations such as after shave lotions) are then applied to the defurred, raw patch of skin for testing.

In the "Draize eye test" eyelids of rabbits are forced apart and kept permanently open with metal clips. Shampoo concentrates are dripped into their eyes over a period of time to test their safety and observations are made, recording the degree of damage. This leads to blistering, swelling, discharge, and even blindness. Maddened by the pain, rabbits struggle violently and sometimes break their backs in the process.

The Karakul lamb of Afghanistan, prized for its tightly curled coat, is torn out of its mother's womb and is not shorn, but skinned alive immediately lest the curls open out. Warm, velvety karakul caps adorn many a head

A Karakul cap made from the tightly curled coat of the Karakul lamb of Afghanistan.

In Rhodesia, crocodiles are stabbed in the neck, the skin on the soft belly ripped off and the bleeding mass tossed back into the water as food for hungry amphibians. Satin smooth "real" leather bags and shoes are considered very fashionable.

Closer home, leopards are baited into a trap and pushed into a crate which contracts till the animal is sandwiched. The tail is lifted and a long red-hot rod thrust up to the stomach. The animal dies screaming. This is done to avoid bullet holes which leave tell-tale marks and poison plays havoc with the fur. Tiger and leopard skins fetch anything between 3000 to 5000 dollars in the international market.

At Digha beach in West Bengal, turtles are turned on their backs for days on end till the bodies are toasted to a crisp by the sun. Luxury items such as sun-tan oil and tortoise-shell knick knacks are much coveted.

Shimmering silk — which owes its existence to silk moths steamed alive in their cocoons; squirrel tails, brandished as good luck charms, whales, killed with harpoon grenades that explode inside them, mink and blue foxes reared in captivity, oysters prised open with tongs for the wonder gem — the list is endless.

Beauty Without Cruelty, founded in 1959 by Lady Muriel

Behind most bottles of perfume, fashionable fur coats, and trendy footwear, is a gruesome reality of torture of animals. "Beauty Without Cruelty", an international organisation, helps provide humane alternatives

Dowding in England, is an international educational charitable trust, established to create public awareness amongst manufacturers and consumers of the unnecessary torture and killing of helpless, innocent creatures in the name of beauty, glamour and art.

Each branch of BWC tackles issues on a personalised basis and pursues the causes relative to its respective country. The protection of elephants and monkeys in India is being handled by BWC (India branch) started in 1974 in Pune.

Poaching of elephants has reached alarming proportions in Kerala, Karnataka and Tamil Nadu. Lured with poisoned jackfruits, these majestic creatures are killed for their tusks which fetch a handsome price in Western markets. The last two remaining species of elephant — Loxodonta Africana and Elephas Maximus, have been officially declared as endangered species.

"Ivorine" is the name given to synthetic ivory. In pursuance of their aim of supporting life against purposeless death, BWC provides humane alternatives. The Bombay University Department of Chemical Technology has undertaken a research project to perfect the product, already available in India in its raw form, so that it resembles the real thing in colour, weight, strength, and grain.

How many vegetarians are aware that "rennet," a vital ingredient for the making of cheese is obtained from the stomachs of unweaned calves (less than two weeks old) which have been specially slaughtered for the purpose? BWC procured samples of microbial (non-animal) rennet from abroad, and experimental trials conducted with the cooperation of a leading dairy proved hundred per cent successful.

Three well-known cheese manufacturers switched over to the new way, albeit half-heartedly, for along with the manufacture of "pure vegetarian" cheese they continue to import animal rennet. An ironical situation in a country which makes such vociferous protests against cow slaughter!

The valuable musk pod obtained from the abdomen of the musk deer.

A raccoon mangled to death in a steel trap.

What will it be — a python-skin hand-bag, belt, wallet, or shoes?

"What Price Beauty?", a documentary film made by BWC's headquarters in England, has been televised all over India. Shot extensively on location, it highlights the plight of animals killed or confined in cramped quarters for the production of glamorous items. Another film exclusively featuring Indian animals is being readied for release in March this year.

Among the new projects undertaken by BWC is the dog skin industry, which has started flourishing in Madras, and the hog hair trade in Kanpur and Delhi, which causes unimaginable agony to the pig. The animal is held down, and its hair yanked out by the handfuls till all that remains is a bleeding, squealing mass of flesh. The hair, known as "hog hair" in commercial circles, is dyed in different colours and lo, and behold, we have paint brushes, hair brushes, wall brushes, even shaving brushes.

In India, snakes too provide a source of income to many. The reptile is nailed through the head to a tree and the skin ripped off, and the remaining portion writhes and doubles up in acute pain. Snakes take a long time to die.

Barbaric acts such as these are carried on because the law is so lax that it may as well not exist. Tiger and leopard skins are known to have left the country in the baggage of diplomats and airline crew who are sometimes in league with smugglers. Many skins are purchased in Jammu and Kashmir where the Wildlife (Protection) Act, 1972, is not applicable, and thus the illegal trade receives an added impetus.

"Compassionate Friend," a quarterly journal of BWC, keeps members in touch with the latest developments in the animal world. Copies are also sent to institutions and libraries all over the country, and in response to a special request from Gujarati members, BWC proposes to publish the journal in Gujarati too.

Affiliated to the Animal Welfare Board (a Government of India undertaking), the only aid BWC receives from the Government is a grant which just about helps publish their List of Honour.

This List covers products ranging from creams and lotions to agarbattis and perfumed paper napkins. Careful research has resulted in the compilation of a number of beauty-aids and toiletries which are manufactured without the inclusion of any animal content. Added in the List are the products of a leading Indian cosmetic house where mention has been made of their nailpolish, eau-de-cologne, lipsticks, face powder, cleanser — the entire works. Conspicuously missing is the inclusion of their soap, presumably because it is the single item containing animal matter.

According to Diana Ratnagar, Chairperson, BWC, "We don't blacklist any product, we just encourage the use of animal-free products." Animals killed for food or used for scientific experiments do not come in their area of work. Marketed under the brand name of "Ahinsa," are consumer items manufactured specially for BWC. These include synthetic wallets by Commander, toilet soaps by Swastik, and footwear by Dawood (made from the skins of animals which have died a natural death).

Several issues of "Compassionate Friend" also carry recipes for home-made, make-it-yourself cosmetics like talc, dusting powder and a variety of soaps.

Discussing the success rate of the organisation, Diana Ratnagar says, "Today when people hear of BWC, they don't ask what it stands for, they already know."

But it's a vicious circle. For every animal saved, a hundred others are brutally slaughtered or bred in captivity till they are ready to be sacrificed, in part or fully, to enhance a human being's personality. Man started the cycle and only man can put an end to it. Which brings to mind an incident that took place in a London street. An English woman walked up to a fellow being swathed in mink and proclaimed loudly, "You are a murderess."

Photographs : Beauty Without Cruelty (India Branch)

WOMEN IN SPORT

Continued from page 35

distance of .29 m. more than what she had done earlier in 1980. On that occasion, the old mark of 9.88 metres had been smashed.

Among the seniors, another Bombay girl, **Bakhtawar Khambatta,** who has also been re-writing the record books, threw the shot 13.26 metres, which was .16 m. better than **Subraza Debnath's** mark of 13.10 m. Bakhtawar was participating in the Inter-Railway meet at New Delhi when she achieved the distinction.

• • •

The country's first-ever snooker tournament for women was held at the Bombay Cricket Association's Garware Clubhouse. It attracted eight entries for the Delta Scientific trophy, apart from which there was a cash award of Rs. 1000 for the winner. The standard was not all that good, but is bound to improve. Among the entrants was film star **Simi Garewal,** who played the first match, but did not have much luck with the cue, and was beaten 5-38, 36-41 by **Almas Chaiwala.**

• • •

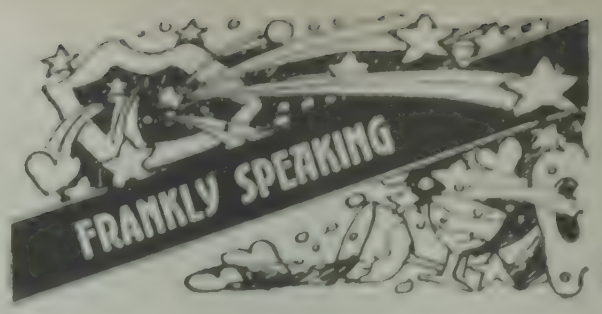
Even as this issue hits the news-stands, the English Women's cricket team will have been half-way through their tour of India. The 18-member English team, which includes three officials, arrived on January 12 on their 42-day long tour. The tour, which began with a one-day match at Agra, will take the Englishwomen through the length and breadth of India. In all, the visitors will play in six Tests, four one-day limited overs matches and two 2-day matches. Skipper **Jill Powell** is the only player to have toured India with the English cricket team on an earlier occasion.

The Indian team will be skippered by Bombay girl **Diana Edulji** for the first two Tests, after which the selectors are expected to meet again to appoint the captain for the remaining four Tests. This kind of procedure should be done away with for it places an unnecessary pressure on the captain in the first two games.

• • •

The kind of strides that women's tennis has made on the professional circuit can be gauged when one goes through the list of top prize-money earners through 1980, and compares it with the corresponding list for men. Czech exile Martina Navratilova, who has resently obtained her American citizenship and can now play for the U.S., topped with $615,800 earned in the year. As against her figure, the top earner among the men was **John McEnroe** of the U.S. with $602,383 — which means that for the first time in the history of tennis, a woman has earned more than the top male player in a full year.

Tracy Austin, the teenage sensation from the U.S., is in the second position with $536,787. This is once again better than the earnings of male No. 2 **Bjorn Borg** of Sweden, who took $523,212. However, there is a wide gap between the No. 2 and No. 3 earners among the women, with **Chris Evert** of the U.S. taking third spot with $343,705.



Devi

FILM FESTIVAL: Breakdown and Boredom

With "Silsila" and the "Mahatma Gandhi" units parked in Delhi, the Eighth International Film Festival held out promise of chill, star-studded noons and nights. The Festival opened with Columbia Film's "Gloria"; the film was too long drawn with repeat shots. The audience was sprinkled with our stars in a mood for musical arms. Parveen Babi leaned on Danny Denzongpa's arm, Moushumi was stranded, so she caught hold of Sanjeev's arm. Raj Kapoor came with Chimpu and Delhi based daughter Rita, Shashi Kapoor escorted Rekha and Amitabh followed them and sat on the other side of Shashi. Jaya sat with Pam Chopra.

The opening batsmen of previous film festivals (V. C. Shukla's days) — Shabana, and Simi in feathers — were missing. Shabana was seen at the Festival film shows, but did not turn up at the inauguration. Maybe she was too embarrassed to display worn out escort Shekhar Kapoor.

A nonentity, Rekha Rao (of Kannada films), did the aarati and Mr. Sathe lit the lamp to declare the Festival open. After which the Festival lost style and slowly gave way to finally ebb out in mini riots, dull parties (if there were any) and a frustrated audience, most of whom had paid big amounts in black to see naked women. The films were picked with care, not a bare bosom in sight. They were dull.

The inauguration dinner had Shashi Kapoor and son Kunal making the rounds separately, but the trio, Amitabh, Jaya and Rekha were missing.

Jaya, I heard, at her first shot at the comeback got a neatly arranged welcome from the unit — like "Jaya zindabad," and well timed sobs from the unit members when she faced Rekha for a shot. The shot showed Rekha presenting Jaya a single rose. In spite of all this sob setting and Rekha's fake remarks like "I should never have accepted the role," Delhiites who attended the shooting were almost unanimous in their opinion that Jaya looked old and awkward. Not that Rekha looks any younger. The new superstar looked a greyish green in the Delhi winter. With khaddas in her cheeks, her parrot nose is so prominent and the most disgusting is her put on bashful expression.

Babi looks a topper, and Delhiites just mobbed her and sincerely felt she should not drop out of the scene. Smita Patil, with five entries in the festival, was recognised by the crowds (she came towards the end). Raj Kapoor had a hurried but lavish dinner in honour of the Russian delegates who were leaving early. Except Amitabh, Jaya and me, everyone, including Rekha, was there. The Bachchans did not turn up after accepting, and I was untraceable. The photographs I saw revealed that the highlight of the starry party was Ibrahim with the dragon moustache. He is the head chef of Maurya Sheraton and a threat to any star career. He can put them out of focus.

The babus of the Information and Broadcasting Ministry had done super business on the tickets, with the result that delegates were without seats and many a time were insulted and told to get out. The Russians left, Raj Kapoor followed and I followed them because only two ends to the Festival were possible — breakdown (bandh) or boredom.

THE STORY SO FAR

Rita Roy, a 12-year-old orphan arrives at Kanchrapara, near Calcutta, to spend the last fortnight of her summer holidays with her Uncle Sunil, Aunt Sheela, and cousins Babloo (10) and Bapi (8), who live in a picturesque area of the Railway Colony in a red brick house called Gul Mohar.

In the course of her stay, Rita discovers a series of strange goings-on in the house. A missing doll from her dead grandmother, Didima's clay collection upsets Aunt Sheela no end and while Rita searches for it secretly, is startled by a "ghost" sporting a white sheet and red sandals.

The surprises give way to shocks. Rita becomes the victim of a number of "accidents" and is convinced of a threat to her life. One night she finds a note under her pillow warning her to "tell all or else". She also overhears a conversation between her uncle and aunt which indicates that she had been invited to Gul Mohar for a definite purpose. Puzzled and frightened Rita decides to confide in the cook Lakshman who cautions her to be careful and slips a piece of paper in her hand which says, "Boorie must see you soon".

NOW READ ON. . .

PART FIVE

the mystery at gul mohar

A Novel For Children

Vernon Thomas

THAT Lakshman was connected with Boorie was a surprising discovery. But it explained quite a bit. For instance, why Lakshman — she was certain now — had locked the kitchen door that morning, and not mentioned it to her aunt.

As she opened her eyes to greet the dawn, Rita was pleased that she had found an ally. As it was not quite five — still some minutes before Aunt Sheela was due to wake — she got up at once, and went to meet him.

Lakshman had just let himself into the kitchen, and was about to light the fire.

"I will see Boorie," Rita informed him quickly.

He nodded. "She'll be waiting for us tonight. Meet me under the mango tree at ten."

Under the mango tree at ten! How could she? It would not be possible to get away. How would she explain her absence?

Rita was about to say that it was out of the question, that it had to be an earlier hour, when sounds from the other side of the house indicated that Aunt Sheela was up. She would enter the kitchen any moment now.

Rita hurried back to bed. As she tried to shut her eyes again, she was in two minds. Should she go? Should she change the timing? Going earlier would mean having to explain why she had gone out. Going at a later hour would mean being caught missing from bed.

The latter was the lesser of the two risks, she decided. She must go as arranged, therefore. Boorie would be able to solve the mystery, she was confident.

It was an anxious day. It was difficult to concentrate on anything, no matter how hard she tried. Reading left her staring at a page without being able to take in its contents. Sewing, caused her to prick her fingers repeatedly. She was fidgetty and forgetful. And all the while the important question was: Would she be able to get away?

At lunch she had no appetite, and Aunt Sheela noticed it.

"You seem to be playing with your food," she remarked. "Not feeling well?" she inquired.

"Just feeling a bit funny," Rita complained.

"In that case, I'll give you a dose of digestive mixture. I hope you're not sickening for something."

Rita drank the mixture even though she knew she did not need it. Anything, rather than have her aunt suspect.

By bedtime, she was chill with anxiety. She did not undress, but slipped her nightdress over her frock.

Then, at about nine it started to rain. Thunder rumbled, and lightning lit up the sky. The rain fell harder and harder. And Rita began to lose heart.

Lying in bed, all tense, she listened, praying for it to stop. The rain was the only obstacle now. The boys were sound asleep; and darkness in the rest of the house meant that her uncle and aunt were asleep, too.

Rita flashed her torch again and again on the timepiece. As the minutes crept on, she almost gave up hope. Then, the rain gradually, began to lessen. By a quarter to ten the skies were clear. The moon came out again.

And it was time to leave!

With a small sigh, Rita got up. Removing her nightdress, she bunched it up on the bed, to look like a sleeping figure. She drew the counterpane over it, and crept to the window. Raising the catch, she pushed back the shutters. And with a final look at the sleeping boys, she climbed over the sill.

Would Lakshman keep the appointment? Would Boorie be there? Would the rain have prevented them from coming? But she must keep to her part of the bargain Rita decided. Closing the shutters, she made her way carefully across the soggy grass, to the small gate of her aunt's private garden.

Remembering to lock the gate behind her, she rounded the hedge of morning glory, and padded softly in the direction of the mango tree. In the moonlight the mango tree looked like a shadowy monster. For a moment it seemed there was no one there. Then, as she drew closer, a figure appeared from behind the tree trunk.

Rita recognised Lakshman.

"Come on!" he beckoned.

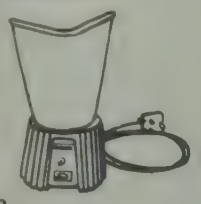
He took her hand and drew her along, helping her over the fence and onto the wet road. The

Beauty is skin deep. Figurette

Health Aids give it the healthy youthful glow.

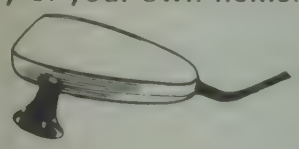
PRINCESS FACIAL SAUNA

For a smooth, radiant, youthful complexion. Tones up tired facial muscles. Ideal for medicated inhalation. Thermostat controlled heater. And also available Standard Facial Sauna



VIBRA MASSAGE

No masseur necessary. You can relax in the privacy of your own home.



HAIR-DRYER

Dries wet hair in a jiffy. No need to rub an unwieldy towel.

SWING TRIMMER

Strengthens the hips, thighs, calves & ankles. Sheds the extra pound away. Also available wooden trimmer.

MECHANICAL CYCLE

Now cycle right in your own bedroom. Ideal way to exercise the abdomen, thighs legs and arms.

SPOT REDUCER (FARADIC MASSAGE UNIT)

A revolutionary electro-theraphy and passive slimming Medically accepted to correct flabby muscles. Those muscles that have lost elasticity and have become stretched due to pregnancy or old age.

HEALTH LAMP

For the first time in India, a two-in-one ultraviolet & infra-red lamp. Helps natural resistance against colds and infections and relieves sprain or pain in the muscles.

Also available Figurette Health Equipments.

Write to :

Figurette PVT. LTD.

75, Nehru Road, Airport, Behind Centaur Hotel
Vile Parle (East), Bombay 400 099.
Tel: 571378/9

Impressions-665

Ms. Secretary!

One way to keep your efficiency on top is to keep a stock of FLEET refills handy.

FLEET Refills are reliable because they do not skip and do not smudge.

Fleet
REFILLS & BALLPENS

FLEET FASTENERS PVT.LTD.
Delstar 9-9A, S. Patkar Marg,
Bombay 400 036.
Phone: 825558/9

Fleet gets the word across

AMOL BOSE ADVG. 80280

BRIDAL FORM

BRAS • PANTIES • GIRDLES

Now
"NIGHT ANGEL"
Available
in Two x Two Rubia
And Luxara Jersy
in five colours.

K.R. VITHAL,

PHONE : 317919

LALSING BUILDING, 13, TRIKAMJIGHIYA MARG
NEAR MANGALDAS MARKET, BOMBAY-400 002

WHOLESALE STOCKISTS :-

M/s. Ladharm Srichand
196, N.S.C. Bose Road,
Madras — 600 001
Phone 26773

M/s. Quick Sales
43 Park Street
Calcutta — 700 016

M/s. Chandra Hosiery
203/1, Mahatma Gandhi Road,
(3rd floor,
Room No. D14/15)
Calcutta — 700 007
Phone 338446

Sheila-Sons
F-39, Ghaffar Market,
Karol Bagh,
New Delhi — 110 005
Phone 564980

THE MYSTERY AT GUL MOHAR

damp underfoot, and the thinness of her dress, caused her to shiver in the chill air. But Rita sped on bravely, in and out of the pools of light, cast by the street lamps.

At the level crossing they turned into Station Road. Then on again. . . Past the hospital... And the fishing tank. Where the glow of lanterns indicated the presence of night-time anglers.

Now, to their right, they were facing open countryside, from where the breeze blew in sharply. The moon had sailed behind clouds, so it was almost pitch dark here, except for a street lamp or two. The railway lines running to their left was the only familiar landmark. Rita shivered, clutching Lakshman's hand more tightly.

Then, at the Triangular Park, as they turned off into the Officers' Colony, she felt slightly better, as she noticed the houses appear once more.

"Just a little further," Lakshman said. "Boorie will be waiting for us on Lovers' Bridge."

"We've come a great distance," Rita gasped, trying to recover her breath.

"Yes, we had to choose some place where Maiji would not be able to find us," explained Lakshman.

The pace was slow enough now for conversation.

"How do you know Boorie?" Rita asked.

"Boorie is my aunty," Lakshman said. "She is my father's sister. What in Bengali you call "pishima." Maiji does not know this. If she did, she would perhaps get rid of me."

"Why doesn't Aunty like Boorie?"

Lakshman shrugged. "Maybe, it is because Pishi was so loyal to your Didima."

Lovers' Bridge had now come into sight.

As they drew closer, they noticed a figure standing against the bridge rail. It moved up to greet them.

Next moment Rita found herself in strange arms, as an old, old woman, more bones than flesh, held her in a fond embrace.

Boorie was overjoyed.

"Didimoni! Didimoni!" she cried. "Your Didima would talk so much about you."

"Yes! Yes! Hurry up!" urged Lakshman. "Give her what you have to and let us go. We might get caught."

At which, Boorie drew out a newspaper-wrapped package from the folds of her sari, and handed it to Rita.

"Before your Didima died, she asked me to show you this," she explained. "She said it will tell you everything."

"Later!" Boorie said, as Rita began to undo the wrapping.

But Rita had already done so. She gave a small cry of delight as she saw the doll. It was a Manipuri dancer. No doubt, the missing doll!

"This is the one Aunty has been looking for!" she exclaimed.

"She must never know. There seems to be something special about it," Boorie advised. "Which is why, I think, your Didima asked me to give it to you. When Maiji got rid of me, after your Didima died, I took the doll with me, intending to meet you some day."

"But you came that morning, while I was in Didima's room," Rita pointed out. "You could have given the doll to me then."

"No, that was Lakshman you saw." Boorie smiled. "When I heard you had been invited, and as I had a door key, I asked Lakshman to return the doll to the cabinet. I hoped, perhaps, you would find it on your own."

"But the person was wearing red sandals. Aunty said only you wore red sandals."

"I made Lakshman wear red sandals on purpose. If he was seen, I wanted Maiji to think it was me. That way, I felt, she would suspect I knew something, and so send for me. Could be, even to ask about the key. I hoped to meet you, and tell you about the doll."

"Oh, I know it all sounds so mixed up!" Boorie concluded, laughing. "But I am an old woman. I could not think of any other way."

"Aunty missed the key all right," Rita said. "It is a wonder she never thought of changing the lock on the door!"

Rita turned to Lakshman now, still not quite satisfied. "But why didn't you give me the doll, Lakshman, that morning?" she asked. "Or you could have told me about it before this."

"I thought it best my Pishi tell you herself. But that morning I could not see very well in the dull light," Lakshman explained. "I thought it was Maiji inside the room, so I ran away. Only later did I realise it was you. Which was after I had hidden on the other side of the house."

"And that was how I missed you. Because I ran in the opposite direction. You must have taken off that white sheet, and gone into the kitchen."

"Yes, but not before I had locked the door."

She paused a moment before hoisting herself over the sill, making sure that all was quiet indoors. Then as she dropped lightly to the bedroom floor, the ceiling light suddenly snapped on

"And the kitchen door, as well, I guess," Rita added. "No wonder I found both doors locked!"

Boorie had been listening with interest. Now Rita turned back to her excitedly.

"Oh I follow how it all happened!" Rita said. "But what does it all mean?"

To her disappointment, Boorie shrugged. "I really cannot say. Your Didima did not tell me more. I guess you will find out sooner or later."

It was time to go.

By the time they got back, it was almost midnight. Lakshman left her at the mango tree, from where Rita continued on her own. Round the hedge, through the small gate, and right up to the window of the bedroom.

She paused a moment before hoisting herself over the sill, making sure that all was quiet indoors. Then as she dropped lightly to the bedroom floor, the ceiling light suddenly snapped on.

Standing by the switch was Aunt Sheela.

"And where have you been?" she demanded angrily.

"I went for a walk. I could not sleep," Rita stammered.

"You must have taken a very long walk," Aunt Sheela said coldly. "I've been searching for you for hours. I got up to find you missing. . . Why, just look at your feet! How dirty they are!"

Rita held her hands firmly behind her back, thankful that the boys had got up now. Maybe that would distract Aunt Sheela's attention!

"What is happening?" the boys wanted to know. But their mother told them to get right back to sleep. She turned again to Rita.

"And what have you got there? Behind your back?" she demanded.

She put out her hand and, with a sinking heart, Rita had no option but to hand over the package.

Aunt Sheela opened it at once.

"Just as I thought!" she exclaimed, as the doll came to view. Her eyes were blazing with anger now. "I knew you had this doll. You are a wicked girl, and I cannot let you stay here any longer. Tomorrow you must leave."

She glared hard at Rita, then ordered her to bed.

"I am returning this doll to the showcase where it belongs," she said finally. "And don't try to get into Didima's room to fetch it."

As she got into bed, Rita realised that all hope was lost. Now, she would never know the secret of the doll, she would never be able to solve the mystery. She started to sob.

"Don't cry!" Bapi whispered, coming to comfort her. "Ma won't be angry tomorrow. She will let you stay."

"Go to sleep, Bapi," advised Babloo. "If Ma comes back, we will both be in trouble."

He shut his eyes tight, then opened them again to ask, "Why did you go into Didima's room alone, Rita? Ma always told me never to go in there alone, because of the ghost."

She did not answer. She was in no mood to talk. But with Bapi's small arms around her, Rita felt some comfort. Her sobbing gradually ceased, and she felt better.

Bapi returned to his bed; the light went out in Aunt Sheela's bedroom; the house was still again. And Rita fell to thinking.

Since she was going away, it did not matter; but she **must** see that doll. If she was caught again, what more could Aunt Sheela do? The worst had already taken place, she reasoned.

To be continued

SURITA MANSUKHANI

A SURE WINNER

Chicago born Surita Mansukhani is the winner of a newly instituted beauty contest held in the U.S.A. called Miss India-U.S.A. This might sound a contradiction in terms, but what it means is that those eligible should be U.S. residents of Indian origin. The sponsors are the India Festival Committee and the prize for the winner is a ticket to India in order, presumably, to go back to one's roots and see how the folks back home are getting on. Preliminary contests are held all over the country and the winners are flown to New York for the trials which are held in Central Park. famous among other things, for muggings and open air concerts and early morning joggers.

After school Surita did a little modelling but for the past two years she has been working in a most unusual profession — as a professional magician's assistant. "I'm the girl who gets cut up, speared etc.," laughed Surita, but wouldn't divulge any secrets. "It's magic," she insisted with a laugh.

She works for Craig Dickens, a chance meeting with one of his assistants having started her off. She enjoys her work, and says that though she knows the method, it would take a lot of practice to perform the tricks successfully before an audience.

Beauty contests today have became a matter of some controversy and rightly so, feminists arguing that they are degrading to women. Ms. Mansukhani however didn't think there was "anything wrong" in holding such contests. "They give one confidence and you get to meet girls who share your heritage. It gives you the opportunity of meeting new people and I like meeting new people," she said.

While in India she has been seeing relatives in Bombay and Delhi and indulging in an orgy of shopping "I just love Indian clothes," she said

She also loves living in the States and ideally would like to live six months in India and six months in the States. Eager to travel and have new experiences, she would like to join the airlines. Bit parts in movies have also been offered her but all that's still in the planning stage.

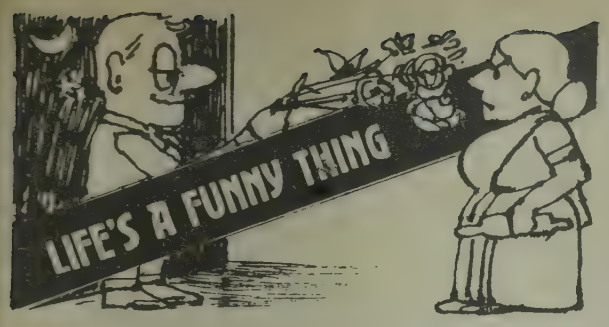
Among her hobbies she lists dancing, roller skating, and the big band sound in music. She planned to spend most of her time in Bombay "sightseeing, getting a tan and buying lots and lots of clothes," in between posing as our cover girl this week.

S. G.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

IT'S REALLY A FOOLPROOF RECIPE AND SO EASY A CHILD COULD MAKE IT-
"ALL YOU DO IS MIX TOGETHER A LITTLE FLOUR AND MILK...
"ADD A FEW EGGS, SOME BUTTER AND SUGAR...STIR IN A LITTLE COCOA...
"THEN YOU PUT IT IN THE OVEN AND FORGET IT-
8 31
"WHEN YOU THINK IT'S COOKED LONG ENOUGH TAKE IT OUT...."
NEXT TIME I'M GOING TO INSIST ON MORE SPECIFIC DIRECTIONS!
1980 King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved



A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

Life's a funny thing, provided you hang on by the finger-nails and don't weaken.

I was walking down the street the other day, minding my own business, when a pal of mine jumped out of a side alley and thumped me on the shoulder as if he wanted to fracture it. He said, "Sunny-boy, long time, no see. Why have you been hiding?"

I said, "Hello, Prakash my friend, the last time I did any hiding was when I put gum in the hat of a schoolmaster who wore a wig. Let's filter into a cosy bar and talk."

We found one where the lighting was not indirect, but undecided. We gave our order to a bearer who seemed tired of life. Over the first glass I said, "Let's talk about happy things. They tell me, if you search hard enough, you can find some."

"No," he said, smacking his lips. "Let's talk about problems — mine. Maybe you could help."

I said, "Sing it out loud and clear."

"Sure," he said. "You know my wife, Bina, has a heart made up of cotton candy. I want to sling the cook out on his ear and she wants to give him another chance. What's your view?"

"Depends entirely on what he's done," I said. "Enlighten me."

"Well, I found the guy with his fingers elbow-deep in the market money. Didn't mean to, you know. Sheer accident. Now. doesn't he need the heave-o?"

"No," I said, with kingly consideration. "Everyone needs a second chance."

"You're off the beam, pal, he said. "This chappie's had three chances and threw them down the drain."

"In that case, for Bina's sake, give him one more chance, and if he miffs it, buy him a tick to Andhra Pradesh."

"Right," he said. "I'll do that.

We left the lighting to look after itself. On the street, he said, "Bye, Sunny, I've got to go see a man about a dog. Literally. I'm adopting a Dobberman."

"Well," I advised him. "Be sure you house train it or you'll be living with floor-mops all over the house."

He smiled and went away. I hit the homeward trail and got there to find a certain degree of confusion in the air.

Susie and the kids were laughing and giggling as if Bob Hope occupied the spare room. "What," I asked curiously, "is all the sunshine and roses about? The last time I saw you folks so happy was when my Uncle took us to the Lobster Pot."

Susie said, "Juggy's coming."

I said, "Who?" She said, patiently, "Jagdish M—. You know the fellow whose hobby is amateur magic."

Juggy came that evening looking like Sorcar about to make an elephant disappear. After greeting us all he sat down.

Right enough, after about sixteen minutes, he said in his best stage voice, "Watch this." He pulled from his pocket a white silk handkerchief and said, "Someone lend me a ring." I gave him one of mine that had taken eighteen months of calculated saving to buy. He pushed one end of the handkerchief into the ring and pulled slowly. What emerged was a scarlet handkerchief. Then he pulled the other way. The handkerchief he produced was green. He said, "You ain't seen nothing yet."

This time he pulled from his pocket what looked like a sickly lime. He said to little Sushila, "Come here my child." She went. He said, "When I count three, take this lime from my hand." When he reached three, she did so. She found herself looking at a medium-sized tomato. Hey, maybe this fellow had sat at the feet of a Gogia Pascha. The show was interrupted by something that sounded like my front door was being broken down. I opened it. My neighbour stood there and said, "Sunny, my bicycle's disappeared. Haven't seen it, have you?" I said, "No. If I do, I'll send you a telegram." He went away.

Juggy said, "For my next little feat, come to the compound." We went out into a place about twelve feet wide and thirty feet deep. "Turn around, close your eyes and count to twenty, slowly." We obeyed him to the letter. When we turned back, the scooter had disappeared and in its place stood a bicycle. I yelled at my neighbour through the bars of his window. He came out and uttered a yelp of joy when he saw the bicycle. He asked, "Where did you find it?" I pointed to Juggy. I said, "He produced it out of a silk hat." The neighbour went in, wearing a smile that dimmed the sun.

See you!

SUNNY

THE ANTISEPTIC ROBOT

Continued from page 19

"Guess who's come Rina!" I said, excited. Rina smiled her welcome as I said, "It's Shehnaaz. Remember she was in school with me?"

Rina stiffened and her smile became a thin line of disapproval. She glanced coldly at Rahul and me and then without a word wheeled around and left the room. The silence that followed was one of the longest I've faced. Then Rahul and I broke through our stupor and plunged into small talk. Shehnaaz had understood it all, but she was kind enough to ignore it. I felt abjectly grateful to her for continuing with the conversation with such sophisticated smoothness. Rina did not come back.

The moment Shehnaaz left, Rina entered carrying her bowl of Ganga jal. As Rahul and I stood there watching her in horror, she started sprinkling it on the sofa where Shehnaaz had been sitting.

Then Rahul attacked her. Clutching her by the arm, he pulled her away from the sofa and snatching the bowl he threw it out of the window. Rina began to scream. When he started to slap her I did not try to stop him.

At the shock of the slaps Rina stopped screaming. Rahul was trembling with rage as he pointed to me and said, "And what will you do to your sister? She is impure all over. She just kissed that untouchable Muslim. What will you do with me? I shook hands with her. And now I have touched you. Go on, pour more of that filthy water over us." Rina seemed to shrink away from us as if we were really polluted. "And it's not ending here, Rahul continued, "I'm going to invite Shehnaaz to dinner and you are going to cook mutton and you will eat at the table with us." Rina started to scream again as Rahul and I left the room.

I had to stop Rahul from inviting Shehnaaz for dinner. I did not want to face the possibility of Rina insulting her any further. If Rina was relieved she did not show it. Neither did she apologise for her behaviour. Rahul sent Shehnaaz a huge bouquet of flowers.

For the next few days Rina was uncharacteristically quiet. Neither Rahul nor I were speaking to her much. I realised we had scared her. Rahul's sudden anger and my disgust had finally reached that antiseptic brain. For the first time I felt that Rina was prepared to be helped.

Since then they have shifted to Delhi, away from North Calcutta's moth-eaten, feudal atmosphere. There have been psychiatrists and tranquillisers. Rahul and my mother have been working full time on her. Rina will never be completely cured. The superstitions are too deeply ingrained. There are lapses all the while. The children are indifferent to her, for them Rahul is their only parent. For Rahul she is a burden borne with patience and pity. Rina may be radiantly pure all over, but she is no longer a woman who is loved.

Mrs. Satya Mehra was the chief guest at the 6th Annual Trade Fair held at the Institute of Hotel Management, Catering Technology & Applied Nutrition, Bombay. Also seen is Miss Thangam E. Philip, (ext. left) Principal of the Institute.

ABOVE: The Rajneesh Theatre Group presented a musical performance of "Peter Pan" enacted by the children of Rajneesh sannyasins at Patkar Hall in Bombay.

At a ghazal night organised in Bombay, by the Cancer Patients' Aid Association, to raise funds for the association are seen (from left) the artistes, Chitra and Jagjit Singh, Mr. Y.K. Sapru and Rekha Sapru.

LEFT: Archbishop Simon Pimenta, Mother Teresa and Mr. George Menezes seen at the All Bombay Family Rally held at St Andrews School.

BOMBAY

Over 15,000 people assembled at St. Andrews School grounds, Bandra, to listen to Nobel Laureate Mother Teresa at the All Bombay Family Rally.

In an impassioned speech Mother Teresa deplored the killing of 50 million children every year through abortion which she described as "voluntary murder". She exhorted everyone to pray together as a family as this was the best way to stand united. In a message to mothers everywhere, she asked them not to abort the children as she was willing to take over every one of them and cater to their needs.

Earlier, Mr. George Menezes who presided over the Rally welcomed Mother Teresa and the distinguished guests. Archbishop Simon Pimenta presented a purse of Rs. 1 lakh to Mother Teresa on behalf of the Catholics of the diocese. Dr. Rajnikant Arole and Dr. (Mrs.) Mabel Arole, winners of the Magsaysay award for 1980 were the chief guests. Fr. Dawson Ambosta, chief organiser of the huge rally, proposed the vote of thanks. Mother Teresa also laid the foundation stone for the first Diocesan College.

• • •

A festival of classical music and dance will be held by the Odissi Dance Centre at Patkar Hall on February 3,4,5, 1981. Among the artistes participating in the festival are Pt. Shivkumar Sharma, Ustad Zakir Hussain, Yamini Krishnamurthy, Protima Bedi, Pt. Jasraj, Pt. Hariprasad Chaurasia, and Sanjukta Panigrahi.

To promote understanding and appreciation of Odissi, the Centre has arranged a seminar on February 6, at the NCPA auditorium. Guru Kelucharan Mahapatra, Dr. Kapila Vatsyayana, Dr. Mulk Raj Anand, Dr Sunil Kothari and Sanjukta Panigrahi will be present at the function.

• • •

"Peter Pan", a children's adventure story accompanied by music and dance was performed by the Rajneesh Theatre Group at Sophia hall recently. The programme also featured a two-day exhibition and sale at the Hall of ashram-designed children's clothes and toys, and Peter Pan mementoes. The exhibition also featured a slide show highlighting the activities of the children of the Ashram.

• • •

The Sri Rajarajeswari Bharatha Natya Kala Mandir presented a Bharatha Natya Arangetram of Kumari Saritha and Kumari Sangitha at the Tata Theatre, N.C.P.A. Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O.P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, was the chief guest.

• • •

The Burns Association of India, in collaboration with the International Society for Burn Injuries organised the First Afro-Asian Conference on Burns for the first time in our country, at Hotel President. The theme of the three-day conference was Prevention and Management of Burns in Developing Countries.

Present on the occasion were 100 delegates from abroad and about 300 delegates from different parts of India. Amongst the delegates there were in addition to the members of the medical fraternity, leading members of industry, social/philanthropist organisations, members of para-medical and nursing organisations and services of Fire Brigade who took part. Some of the world's leading nurses also attended the conference, after which, a two week certificate course in Burns Management for Nurses was organised in collaboration with the S.N.D.T. University and the Bai Jerbai Wadia Hospital for Children.

LEFT: Mr. Baburao Shete, Mayor of Bombay, addressing the gathering at the inauguration ceremony of the Matunga Labour Camp of the Maharashtra State Women's Council. Also seen is Mrs. Thrity H.J. Taleyarkhan, President of the Council.

LEFT: Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor of Gujarat, addressing the audience at the inauguration of SEWA's marketing centre in Ahmedabad. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. Ila Bhatt, chief guest Mr. Manhar Shukla, President, Agricultural Labour Association, and Mrs. Lalita Krishnaswamy.

BELOW: Mrs. Sarojini Varadappan, President, All India Women's Conference (centre) and others seen at the annual conference held at Amritsar.

BELOW: Members of the Vasavi Mahila Seva Mandali, Bangalore, seen at their anniversary celebrations held in the city recently.

An exhibition of paintings and drawings was held by Vasanti Arun at Jehangir Art Gallery. Vasanti has been regularly participating in all major exhibitions held in India including the national exhibition of art organised by Lalit Kala Academy, New Delhi, and Bombay Art Society, Bombay.

CALCUTTA

A week-long International Spiritual Convention of Ramakrishna Math and Mission was held at Belur Math and Netaji Indoor Stadium after 54 years. The welcome address was given by Swami Hiranmayananda, President of the Convention Committee, and the inaugural address was delivered by Swami Vireswarananda ji Maharaj, President, Ramakrishna Math and Mission. More that 12,000 official delegates, both men and women, and nearly 1,500 monks participated in this grand Convention, out of which nearly 50 per cent of delegates came from different parts of India and various countries including USA, Japan, Italy etc.

Many distinguished speakers from all over the world gave speeches, in addition to the Senior Monks of the Ramkrishna Order. A special feature of the Convention was a discussion on inter-religious understanding. Those who participated in this Convention were Swami Sastrananda, Rev. Michael Westall, Dr. M. A. Wali, Mr. M. C. Lalwani, Dr. U. Dhammaratna, Mr. Robin Twite, Capt. Bhag Singh and Mr. A. N. Ray (ex-Chief Justice of Supreme Court of India). It was presided over by Swami Lokeswarananda, Secretary of the Convention Committee and also the Ramkrishna Institute of Culture. A special souvenir was released on this occasion.

BANGALORE

To commemorate the centenary of the famous Bangalore Palace, a grand Ball and Banquet was organised by Hotel Bangalore International at the Durbar Hall of the palace. The occasion was memorable, since the last Ball had been held by the Maharaja 40 years ago. Mr. K.S. Naidu, Chairman, Naina Hotel Pvt. Ltd.. was in charge of the programme. The palace wore a festive look for the events which included dances, a magic show, a fire-eating feat and a fashion show presented by Yagnika Kapoor.

AHMEDABAD

An exhibition-cum-sale of sarees was held by "Akanksha" of Bombay at Aalishaan Art Gallery. The art gallery, situated near Ellis Bridge railway crossing, has recently been opened by Dipti and Pranay Shodhan.

• • •

The Self-Employed Women's Association (SEWA) opened a new marketing centre at their premises recently.

This provides an outlet and is also an income generating programme for poor women artisans.

The range of products displayed were hand-block printed material, cane and bamboo utility articles, patch-work, carpentry (wooden toys) and agarbattis. Orders for these articles are also accepted at the Centre.

The Governor of Gujarat, Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, inaugurated a three day exhibition which preceded the opening of the Centre. Mr. Manharbhai Shukla, President, Agricultural Labour Association, was the chief guest.

FOR THE WEEK
FEB. 1 — 7, 1981

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

An eclipse of the Sun this week indicates important changes in your personal life. The general pattern is one of adventurous activities, some opportunities. You may achieve a goal that you have been striving for over quite a long period, but don't expect to take things easy. You'll be kept on the go but extra energy will aid your efforts. Health matters also look promising and you may get the answer to a minor but long-standing ailment. Last but not least, an ardent period for romance leading to a whirlwind courtship — and marriage.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

You'll soon be involved in fresh activities, both at home and at work, and making some beneficial changes. However, do not neglect the lighter side of life. Get yourself a hobby that gives you both exercise and amusement.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

Your affairs are now moving along bitter lines. If you have any minor problems, or need advice, try a sensible relative or senior colleague known for shrewd judgement. Planets in your chart show opportunities on the way.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Busy stars could get you started on something new and fascinating. However you are placed, current activities should be profitable, one way or another, as well as enjoyable. Travel is well starred.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

If disagreements persist in close relationships, do your best to improve the situation. If people have been hard to please lately and you have lost financially and emotionally, things will be going your way now.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

All relationships need tactful handling, and especially your love life. Mundane tasks and problem will be over and you will be more relaxed. Catch up on social activity, but watch your spending.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Both Mercury and Mars move into adverse position to your sign and you must expect some problems, some extra work for a few weeks. Try to keep abreast of current tasks, and cut out unnecessary journeys.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

A good opportunity could elude you, or something worthwhile slips from grasp if you get your priorities. Wrong, but your intuition helps you choose the best opening. Friendly meetings have much to offer just now.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

A week for going after what you want. You may receive a useful tip, or, hear secret news. Arrange business meetings in an informal atmosphere if you get the opportunity, and make use of influential contacts.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Life is pacy but enjoyable, also financially cheering. Open your mind to fresh horizons, and new contacts. Your ideas will be good, your judgement too, so push forward careerwise. Emotionally, some delightful temptations!

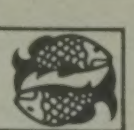
CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Stars aid money matters, give you confidence, but avoid being impulsive. A lively week of activities, good news or a pleasing response from a recent application or interview.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Mars moves out of your sign and life will be less busy but this planet continues to influence your affairs and gives boost to your finances. Complete any unfinished business and make a friendship stronger.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)



Forget recent troubles and plan ahead. Mercury in Pisces brings luck in communication and more vigorous influences will boost your affairs. If unattached, romantic opportunities.

A REVERSAL OF ROLES

Continued from page 11

The most remarkable thing about "Patita" however is not its "progressive" morality, but the nature of the relationships that the heroine establishes with the various men in her life. Incredible as it may sound, her relationship with Jayant, the playboy, is emotionally fraternal, although ostensibly sexual. Because romance is absent in their world of rendezvous in hotel bedrooms, the only emotion possible is empathy. Jayant's is an intriguing character for a Hindi film. A cynic and an alcoholic, he is obviously as unhappy as she is. He is the male counterpart of the "Patita" banished into the demi-monde of nightclubs and booze, and they dance away their unhappiness. He is, in fact, something of a sex-object, and although it is desirable not to have sex objects at all, it is a relief to see the male objectified for a change.

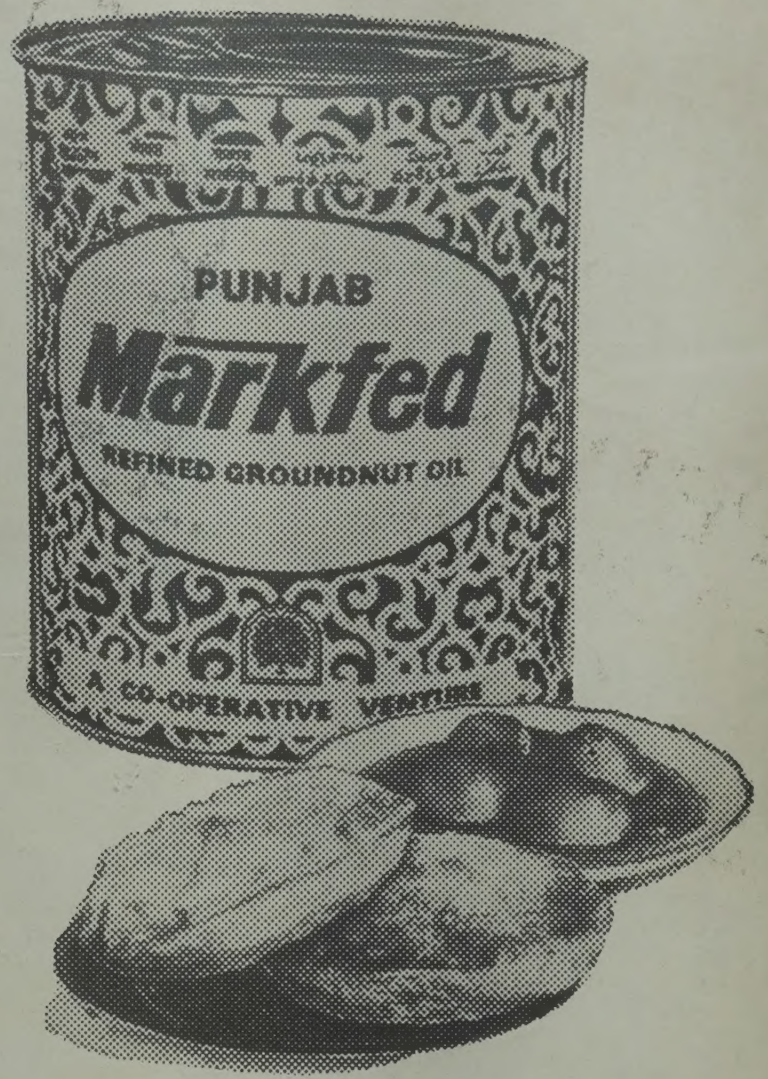
Like her, he too is a do-gooder. He bails her out of prison with disinterested magnanimity. By contrast, the hero is an unconvincing model of virtue from the "respectable" world. Weak and wooden throughout, it's only when his fiancee ditches him that he becomes aware of the "Patita" as a matrimonial possibility. And as for "masterji," with his guilt-complex, you're glad she missed the train. The heroine emerges as a stronger force of virtue than all the men, with the exception of her playmate in exile. It is the parity between the two that makes the film interesting.

One wonders whether it is the very theme of the fallen woman that is titillating, or whether it is a vicarious preoccupation with "sin" that attracts our audiences. There is scarcely any obscenity in "Patita", and even less of it in "Oh Bewafaa", another film which has done well at the box-office. That "Oh Bewafaa" is a faithful copy of the "The Other Side of Midnight" should be attributed to its resemblance to a Hindi film — a drama, passion and vengeance.

Yogeeta Bali, a woman wronged by her lover Anil Dhawan (she is left alone to bring up the child), lives with the sole purpose of getting even. She allows herself to be kept by a rich man (Rajendra Kumar) so that she can track down her lover, makes sure he cannot be employed anywhere and then hires him as her personal pilot. Bygones are bygones, and they plot together to do away with the pilot's wife. But they are found out and thrown into jail. The heroine suffers from the plagiarism. Its film makers have failed to mix the good and the evil in the correct proportion for our audiences. Half way through, they lose sympathy. A woman seeking vengeance is all right. But making use of a rich man, and Rajendra Kumar at that, is a bit too much to stomach. When she collapses in court, the audience shouts with relief, "Bhooth!" If you live outside the law, you must be virtuous. Vengeance is for the righteous. "Oh Bewafaa" has no moral to offer, and the audience clearly rejects the heroine as she is presented at the end. Sexually, she is not even promiscuous. But the prostitute in "Patita" is acceptable in a way she is not. Clearly, this means that a woman may be anything, but to be "good," she must be wronged.

All refined tastes go for

MARKFED
REFINED GROUNDNUT OIL



It gives your cooking an extra edge

Fortified with Vitamins A & D, MARKFED Refined Groundnut Oil gives you extra nourishment as well. Also, since it contains more unsaturated fatty acids, it keeps down cholesterol levels.

MARKFED Refined Groundnut Oil—pure, light and wholesome. Use it to your heart's content !

Available in attractive 1, 2, 4 & 15½ Kg. packs.

A quality Product from the house of

Markfed

The Punjab State Co-operative Supply and Marketing Federation Ltd., Sector 17-C, Chandigarh.

JAISONS/MF-480

REGD. NO. MH BY SOUTH-75

PETITE
PADMINI

IN PRETTY
JIVAN
SAREES

JIVAN SILK MILLS
BOMBAY-400 072